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OF NEW YORK

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LAYS AND LYRICS

BY

CLEMENT SCOTT

2



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FROM
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FOR ANYTHING THAT IS DRAMATIC

in this little Book of Verse

I have to thank

The great Artists I have both studied and admired;

And the absorbing Art

To which I have dedicated

A Life Time!

FOR ANYTHING THAT IS MANLY

I have to applaud

The generous Men with whom I have worked!

FOR ANYTHING THAT IS TENDER

I have to bless

The good Women I have loved!

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LAYS.



A TALE OF THE TENTH HUSSARS.

WHEN the sand of the lonely desert has covered
the plains of strife,
Where the English fought for the rescue, and
the Arab stood for his life ;
When the crash of the battle is over, and healed
are our wounds and scars,
There will live in our island story a Tale of the
Tenth Hussars.

They had charged in the grand old fashion with
furious shout and swoop,
With a "Follow me, lads" from the Colonel,
and an answering roar from the troop ;
From the Staff, as the troopers past it, in glory
of pride and pluck,
They heard, and they never forgot it, one
following shout, "Good Luck !"

Wounded and worn he sat there, in silence of
pride and pain,
The man who'd led them often, but was never
to lead again.
Think of the secret anguish ! think of the dull
remorse !
To see the Hussars sweep past him, unled by
the old White Horse !

An alien, not a stranger ; with heart of a
comrade still,
He had borne his sorrow bravely, as a soldier
must and will ;
And when the battle was over, in deepening
gloom and shade,
He followed the Staff in silence, and rode to the
grand parade ;

For the Tenth had another hero, all ripe for the
General's praise,
Who was called to the front that evening, by
the name of Trooper Hayes ;
He had slashed his way to fortune, when
scattered, unhorsed, alone,
And in saving the life of a comrade had managed
to guard his own.

The General spoke out bravely as ever a
soldier can—
"The Army's proud of your valour ; the Regi-
ment's proud of their man !"

Then across that lonely desert, at the close of
the General's praise,
Came a cheer, then a quick, short tremble on
the lips of Trooper Hayes.

"Speak out," said the kindly Colonel, "if you've
anything, Lad, to say ;
Your Queen and your dear old country shall
hear what you've done to-day !"
But the Trooper gnawed his chin-strap, then
sheepishly hung his head :
"Speak out, old chap !" said his comrades.
With an effort, at last, he said—

"I came to the front with my pals here, the
boys, and the brave old tars,
I've fought for my Queen and country, and rode
with the Tenth Hussars ;
I'm proud of the fine old regiment !"—then the
Colonel shook his hand—
"So I'll ask one single favour from my Queen
and my native land !

"There sits by your side on the Staff, sir, a
man we are proud to own !
He was struck down first in the battle, but
never was heard to groan ;
If I've done aught to deserve it,"—then the
General smiled "Of course !"
"Give back to the Tenth their Colonel—the
Man on the old White Horse !

"If ever a man bore up, sir, as a soldier should,
with pluck,
And fought with a savage sorrow the demon of
cursed ill-luck—
That man he sits before you! Give us back,
with his wounds and scars,
The man who has sorely suffered, and is loved
by the Tenth Hussars!"

Then a cheer went up from his comrades, and
echoed across the sand,
And was borne on the wings of mercy to the
heart of his native land,
Where the Queen on the Throne must hear it,
and the Colonel Prince will praise
The words of a simple soldier just uttered by
Trooper Hayes.
Let the moralist stoop to mercy, that balm of
all souls that live;
For better than all forgetting is the wonderful
word "Forgive!"



AN OLD POSTMAN'S STORY.

"'TIS true, your honour! I'm fair dead beat,
so I'll snatch a rest on this country stile,
For I've trudged and tramped with loaded back
from country town—'tis many a mile.

Up at the hour when the cock's awake, and
shuffling home when the bat's on wing,
A-calling here and a-calling there, with a wait
for a knock, and again for a ring ;
A pleasant life do you call it, Sir? to skirt the
hedges and brush the dew,
To scare the pheasant, and wake the thrush,
and mark the spot where violets grew.
Well, it's all very well for the folks in town, who
come down here just to take their rest ;
But with chaps like me, when labour's done and
I long for leisure, then bed's the best.
It wasn't so bad in the days gone by, with
letters tied up in a handy pack,
A stick, a satchel, a pair of legs, a sense of
duty, a big broad back :
But now it's different quite, look here, when the
grave is ready and sexton host,
Let them bury me quiet, and put on the stone,
'His back it was broke by the Parcels Post.'

"I'm not so mad with new-fangled ways as
Dick at the inn with his yard of clay ;
I've seen the scythe and sickle give in, and the
railroad come in the farmer's way ;
The flail isn't heard in the old rick-yard, and the
buzz of machinery frightens the nag,
And we haven't got coaches, or guards, or mails
to gallop along with the postman's bag.

I haven't a doubt that the policy's good of the
Liberal gentlemen sitting in town
To cheapen the cottager's packet of tea, and
send on a pattern of Missus's gown ;
They can forward old women their physic and
stuff, in reply to an order on halfpenny
cards,
And the men can get baccy sent up by the pound,
and the women their finery easy by yards.
But what I do say, it's a little too hard to make
an old messenger give up the ghost
Because he is doomed to be spoke in the wheel
of the Juggernaut Car—called the Parcels
Post !

“I've a son in town, as handy a lad, though I
shouldn't say it, as ever you see,
And he sorts the packets and parcels out, that
are driven to trains and *handed* to me,
And he tells his father that London's full of
one-horse carriages painted red,
He owns his business hours are stiff, but he gets
his meals and he likes his bed ;
They tempt the lad—though he's good as gold—
as very few young 'uns are tempted now,
With money, and jewels, and stamps, and
cheques, which a fool might lose, but a
rascal 'stow ;'
And they give him a salary, on my word, that a
labouring lad might fairly scorn,

For Master Hodge has the air to breathe, and
never sees gas whether night nor morn,—
Still I think on the whole the boy up there has a
happier life—though I'd better not boast—
Than the labouring hack with a weight on his
back who is driven to death by the Parcels
Post !

“ It stands to reason, why just look here, 'tis in
rural beats where the shoe must pinch,
The orders come from the 'boss' in town, but
the patient messenger he daren't flinch.
We've asked for a lad, or a horse and cart,—why,
even a tricycle many could ride,
But never a word to our mute appeal that travels
to town from the country side.
They groan and growl in the London prints of
packages broken and strings undone,
And kick up a fuss about chocolate-drops they
have counted out, and are short by one !
But they never can picture a man like me, of age
threescore—well, and nearly ten—
Who is taught to boast of a land that's free,
and struggles along 'neath the whips of
men.
It may be policy ! Who can say ? It may be
economy, Statesmen's boast,
It may be life to our public men, but it's death
to the slave of the Parcels Post !

“So if I am late who dares complain? and if
I’m weary I sit me down
Like this on a stile for a minute or two, in my
daily tramp from the county town.
Sometimes I envy the birds that fly, from branch
to branch, in the air that’s free,
I follow the flight of the butterfly’s wing, and
the honeyed content of the burden’d bee!
I hear the song of the labourer’s lad as he rides
the waggon or follows the plough,
And the robin looks up with his curious eyes as
I rest for a minute to mop my brow.
In the morning mists I am off and away, to hurry
despair or to hasten fate,
Leaving parcels of patterns for girls at the Hall,
and letters of love at the Rectory gate;
But when your Parliament rings with cheers and
the good news travels from coast to coast,
In the heat of triumph—just loose one chain from
the back of the slave of the Parcels Post!”



A TALE OF THE DOVER EXPRESS.

How did I do it? Well, sit you down, if you’ve
got ten minutes to spare,
And I’ll tell you the tale how it happened to me
—well, to me and my mate out there.

Don't put it all down to our boast and brag, for
I'll take my oath we try,
We engine fellows, to stick to the rail, if we
happen to live or die.
It isn't because with filth and grease we are
covered from foot to head
That we haven't got pluck like soldier Bill in his
uniform smart and red.
We haven't got bands to tootle to us, nor women,
nor mates to cheer,
We march at the sound of the station-bell, and
the scream of the wind in our ear ;
We have gals to love us, and children, too, who
cling to the face and neck,
Though *we're* never called to the grand parade,
or march'd to the hurricane deck.
A man's a man when he does his work—well, it
may be more or less,
But in Fenian days you should say your prayers
when driving the Dover Express !

We started off—'twas a night in June—and the
beautiful moon shone bright
Through the silent glass of the station, when our
Guard sang out "All right !"
He was in charge of the train, the Guard—but
me and my mate just then
Had taken in pledge, for good or for ill, the lives
of the women and men.

Away we went at a splendid pace when we'd
coupled and left Herne Hill,
Behind was the roar of a city on fire, in front
was the country still.
Then we came to a point where we always turn,
and mutter a sort of pray'r
For the wife and the young 'uns asleep in the
town, from the men in the engine's glare.
It wasn't like that in the train, I bet ; did any one
trouble a rap ?
The honeymoon couples were locked in fast, and
the others were playing at 'nap ;'
Papers, and smoking, and gossip, and chaff ;
does it ever strike them that a nerve
Is required from the men who must drive in the
dark an express round the Chatham curve ?

I looked at my watch, we were up to time, and
the engine leapt and sped
To the river we cross as it runs to the sea, with
the Rochester lights ahead !
I often think of the train behind and the pas-
sengers fast asleep,
As we slow on the pace just to tackle the curve
round Strood and Rochester Keep.
It puzzles those foreigner chaps who cross where
the river in silence flows,
With the Castle one minute miles away and the
next right under your nose.

You have felt the jerk? Well, that's no odds,
 maybe you'd have felt more odd
 With a mate by your side at the engine-fire, who
 suddenly cried, "My God!
 There's something ahead on the six-foot way!
 Look there!" And I held my breath.
 A something! *And what?* on the rails ahead—
 we must drive for our lives or death!

There wasn't a second to pause or think, though
 I saw by the light of the train
 The river, the viaduct, scenes of home we never
 should visit again.
 "What shall you do?" Then I turned and saw
 Tom's piteous face and sad.
 "What shall I do? Hold fast, my boy! I shall
 cram on the pace like mad!"
 Off with the brake, and shove on the steam—in
 a second a crash, a leap,
 Right into the iron the engine tore, with the
 passengers fast asleep.
 It reeled at the shock, did their devilish snare, to
 the rush and the roar and the beat,
 Before was dear life and the light and the air;
 behind was the dust of defeat!
 Away to the rear went Rochester town, its
 danger, its storm and stress,
 We'd taken a pledge, and we kept it, Sir, in
 saving the Dover Express!

They're sending the hat round ! thank you, kind,
for me and my mate, you say,
Well, the money will come in easy like, when
we're laid on the shelf some day,
It's only right that the women and men who
arrived at Dover town,
And were saved that night round Rochester
curve should cheerfully "plank it down."
But we don't want money for what we've done
—there's something far better than gain
If a man can earn his Victoria Cross in charge
of a railway train !
If a man can prove he has plenty of pluck, and
is thoroughly English made,
As well in front of a fierce express as in rear of
a bold brigade !
But there's something far better than money to
me, though it's terrible hard in Town
To give the young 'uns their annual shoes, and
the missus a decent gown,
I'd give your money up every cent, and the
moment I'd gladly bless
When you hand us the villain who wanted to
wreck our lives on the Dover Express !

A CRY FROM THE SHOP!

WHAT is this they are saying of Commons in
Kent as free as the air to the poor we pity?
With thousands of acres of golden gorse given
up at the will of an opulent city?
Is it true in the blue of the Caterham Vale they
have settled a mighty estate for ever
On the heirs to come of the toiling town, that
tyrant force cannot change or sever?
Have they driven away, with his trowel and hod,
the builder of houses they call "genteel,"
And granted a gift of the fields of God to the
women and men who in gratitude kneel
At the foot of the throne of the great King Lud,
who, in regal fashion, without set speeches,
Has purchased peace for the Epping glades, and
solitude given to Burnham Beeches?
It is well, my brothers—these things are done,
with the aid of wealth, for the good of the
——Stop!
Just listen! for high above chorus of praise is
heard a complaint—'tis a cry from the Shop!

We hear very much of the rich and the poor, of
conflict of capital, class against class,
Of Fashion that saunters in parks at the West,
whilst the East may not treasure an acre of
grass.

When a holiday comes, be it "Derby" or not,
just a feast of St. Lubbock when energiessink,
The philanthropist puts on his sanctified tone,
and declares we do nothing but guzzle and
drink.

It is kindly assumed that the sea and the sky,
the woods and the fields with their emerald
green,

Do not gladden our eyes at the days as they are,
or recall the delights of the days that have
been.

But we never do hear when the summer-time
comes of the women and men who are
chained to sorrow

At the tyrannous heels of a monster trade that
is all to-day and has no to-morrow ;

Of the luckless slaves in a land that is free, where
the terrible traders never say "Stop !"

For the sun may shine, and the trees may wave,
but hearts they must break with despair in
the Shop !

We see you pass when the sultry day has changed
to an exquisite afternoon

Away from town to pleasure and play through
blossoming May and flowering June ;

We follow your steps as the fancy leads, and
hear your merriment down the street,

You take our thoughts to the breezes pure, and
leave us here in the blazing heat,

When the traffic outside has a lazy air, and the
glaring pavement's hard and gritty,
When business fades like the goods we sell,
and we're left to groan in the lonely City,
Do you never once think, you women and
men who jauntily speed to your parks
and pleasure,
Of the weary souls you have left behind with
their tedious tape and tiresome measure ?
Does it never strike any for Charity's sake one
coin of thought in our tills to drop,
That we may be free as our brothers are free, of
the toil and the town, of the street and the
Shop ?

It is nothing to us that the gorse is gold, that
Epping is free and the Burnham Beeches,
But little we care that woods are cool, or the
river has rest on its dreamy reaches ;
It is only in dreams that the cricketers shout in
far-off meadow-lands miles away,
It is only hope that brings to an end the terrible
close of a pitiless day.
We seize the blinds and we drag them down, to
darken the cheat of the blinding sun,
We face despair when the day begins, and sigh
our thanks when the day is done.
It were better for us if the heaven grew black,
and the blue of the sky were clouded o'er,

Than feel the hush of the silent streets, and see
the Sun at the open door ;
Oh ! hearken, brothers and sisters, too ! You
have hearts like ours, so in mercy stop,
And listen a little to those who plead in suppliant
tone this cry from the Shop !



A SIGH FROM THE SLUMS.

Do you hear the people weeping, oh, my brothers,
In this London of un-rest ?
Do you see the tears down falling from the mothers
On the babies at their breast ?
The world is full of joy and exultation,
And the City throbs with pride,
The mighty and the magnates of the nation
Fling their riches far and wide ;
But the poor, poor people, oh, my brothers,
You can see them crouching down,
Whilst the giddy whirl and noise of pleasure
smothers
All the anguish of the Town !

Get you forth from out our palaces, and visit
Where and whence the sorrow comes
Round the corner, not so very distant is it
To the stews and to the slums ;

Just a stone's throw from your dwelling, see
them lying

Naked, starving on the floor,
Infant cries amidst the groaning of the dying,
Whilst the Landlord guards the door.
Out of work and out of heart, but where's the pity
For a pauper bruised and bent ?
Not one curse has fallen yet upon the City
That has murder to repent !

Day by day they rise and journey forth and
wander

To the work-yard and the Docks,
Slouching sadly past the millionaires who
squander

And the fatalist who mocks :
And the women left behind them wear their
fingers

To the sinews and the bone,
Working sadly, whilst November daylight lingers,
Not for bread, but for a stone ;
And the ragged children, huddled near their
mothers,

Keep on starving in their cry.
Thus they live in tribulation, oh ! my brothers,
Thus they mercifully die !

Grope your way up rotten staircases, and find
them
By the dozen in a room ;

'Tis but love and blind affection that can bind
them

To this wretchedness and gloom.

See the mother round the dying cinders crooning,

See the father in despair,

See the daughter in consumption—she is
swooning

From the foulness of the air.

Hear the coughing and the crying and the
groaning,

With the bare boards for a bed,

Get the heart-ache with their miserable
moaning,

“Give us bread ! oh, give us bread !”

Great possessor of the miserable hovel,

Where you hustle men like swine,

Have you never any pity when they grovel,

Pleading, praying off your fine ?

Do you sleep in peace and know the rotten
rafter

Falls in filth on pauper heads ?

No ! you threaten execution first—and after

Sell their vermin-eaten beds !

Mighty Landlord, when you pass around the
bottle

In the merry Christmas time,

Does a spectre never rise at you and throttle

All your life out for your crime ?

How long? How long? Oh, proud and mighty
nation,

Will you coldly shut your ears
To this wailing cry of pain and tribulation
Welling up in London's tears?

Oh! how long to all this bitter crush of sorrow

Will you fasten up your door,
Putting off to an indefinite to-morrow

All your pity for your poor?
Have you comfort for yourselves and not for
others?

Are you careless of the future and its fate?
In the name of great humanity, my brothers,
Is it London that must wait?



THE STORY OF A COASTGUARDMAN.

THEY sing their songs and their lifeboat lays,
and gossip of guest to host

Is of wreckage wild, in the winter-time, round
the dangerous Cornish coast;

There are plenty of yarns of the sailor, and of
fishermen out at sea,

There are tales of the lighthouse-keepers, and of
women who bend the knee

When their mates are away in the storm-time,
and the cottage is left to the roar

Of the hurricane lashing the surf to foam, and
screaming about the shore ;
But best of all tales that ever I heard, to make
me think better of men
Who fling in their lives for duty—it happened—
you ask me when ?
On a wonderful Summer's evening, just as holi-
day time began.
It had for its scene old Cornwall—its hero a
Coastguardman !

A party of "trippers" had ventured to visit the
rocks and the caves,
Where the sea-birds find their houses, and
ignorant folks their graves ;
You may search for wild adventure on the sea-
coast south, and north,
But for beauty just travel by Truro to the village
of Perranporth.
It was there on this summer evening, on the
beach, as the daylight died,
That a wandering, thoughtless fellow was caught
at the turn of the tide ;
Up came the sea and trapped him, cutting the
ground from his feet ;
He rushed, but he couldn't go onward—then
back, there was no retreat !
Up came the sea still closer—was it death ?
Not a second to count—

Then, setting his teeth at the danger, to the cliffs
 he began to mount.
 Tearing the turf and the grasses, and scaring
 the sea-bird's nest,
 Clinging with feet and fingers, and bruising his
 arms and breast,
 At last with a desperate struggle, he lifted his
 life to a stone,
 Where he held with a cry for a second, suspended
 in air, alone !
 Once more death barred his passage ; and his
 terrified face turned grey,
 For the ledge of the rock he clung to, was
 crumbling slowly away !
 "Where is the man for a rescue ?" so the cry of
 agony ran.
 "I am that man, God willing !" said Regan, the
 Coastguardman !

Then followed a terrible silence, a horror that
 might be felt,
 For the village was emptied of women, who
 muttered their prayers and knelt ;
 They could see the eyes of the shivering man,
 with the agonised face turned grey,
 As stone after stone, from his safety ledge, kept
 slowly crumbling away !
 "Bring me a rope," said Regan, "and bind it
 about my waist ;

Look at that wretched fellow ! In a second
he'll fall ! Make haste !

Keep the cord tight in your hands, mates—there
tighter so, and stiff ;

Now wait till I give the signal ! Then haul me
over the cliff.

Why do you stand there staring ? I'll save him,
lads, if I can ;

If I die, I have done my duty ! " said Regan, the
Coastguardman !

He swooped to his prey like an eagle, as they
lowered with bated breath

This man with his brave life given to a brother
condemned to death.

The silence grew more awful, and the agony
paled on the lip

Of the ~~women~~ and men who waited—till at last,
with a mighty grip

The man of the Coastguard seized him, and
tightened his arms around

This prize he had risked his life for—then,
searching for safety ground,

They swung from the ledge together, for the
rope was taut and stiff,

Till it dragged the burdened hero to the arms of
the crowd on the cliff !

.

There are times when the heart's too full, Sir,
for even our English cheers.

But the women, they crowded around him with
kisses, and prayers, and tears !
So tell it about from South to North, proclaim it
where you can ;
Go spread it forth from Perranporth—this tale
of a Coastguardman !



ONLY A SHOP-GIRL.

ONLY a Shop-Girl ! Stop your sneer ! or listen
at least to her tale, and then
You'll feel the ache, and you'll taste the tear, in
the hearts of women who trust in men.
It wasn't like this in the dear old times, with
mother and father alive, that day
When a party of innocent country girls went off
to the cricket, where gentlemen play ;
And it seemed no harm, in the eventide, when
the sun had sunk and the tents were
furled,
To wander away to the leafy lanes, by the side
of the "handsomest man in the world."
There was nothing on earth he could not do ; she
knew so little and he so much :
His touch was tender, his eyes were blue—Dear
Women ! you know there are thousands
such !

With women so silly and men so vain, 'tis sweet
to begin, and sorry to stop,—
It was only a Shop-Girl learning to love ! Only
a Girl of the Shop !

And the man meant well—as they sometimes do
—and he loved this child in his selfish way ;
He could speak so soft, and his eyes were blue,
and he bought so much—with so little to
pay ;
But her father stormed, and the mother she wept,
and the dear little home in the country lane
Was emptied quite of its great delight—she had
gone and could never return again.
For youth that loves—it's the way of the world—
will leave old age, that has loved, in the
lurch !
And the careless lovers to London came, to be
married by law—yes ! instead of the Church !
So they dreamed a little, and, when they awoke,
it wasn't the good little woman who shirked,
For she took her place at the counter-side, where
many a brave little woman has worked ;
But the country roses left her cheeks ; if she
didn't quite starve she was ready to drop.
It was only a Shop-Girl learning to live ! Only
a Girl of the Shop !

But the lips that love can be lips that lie, and the
manly mouth may be cruelly curled,

Though women keep loving the eyes that are blue, and liking the "handsomest man in the world."

So the toy that is broken is thrown away, and the heart embittered that once was prized ;
And women who work like slaves can find their labour of love is at last despised.

They profess to be sick of the shop—these men—who nail their wives to counter and till ;

They snarl and snap when they find her faint, and proceed to curse when they see she's ill ;

For brave little wives must be mothers at last,—there is little for three, when sufficient for two,

So the Gordian knot is cut by the man—who departs, as such chivalrous gentlemen do.

'Tis only a wife and child who are left by the cowardly fool, or the ignorant fop ;

And it's only a Shop-Girl—thinking of sin—only a Girl of the Shop !

Only a Shop-Girl ! Spare her, men ! who have sisters to love and mothers to pray ;

She would like to be honest, but must not look ill ; at least, so the good-natured customers say :

So they kindly suggest that a down-trodden wife does not fit with the trade of our practical age,

And she looks the wide world pretty full in the face, and turns, with a sigh of relief, to the stage ;

Not the stage as it should be—the stage as it is
—with its dazzle of jewels and glamour of
dress,

Where womankind buzz round the candle of
fame, and scorch their poor wings—they
could scarcely do less !

From the shop to the stage 'tis a natural step—
for the bitter in spirit and broken in heart,

Who find that, no matter how little the wage, the
profession contrives to be mightily smart !

But the life is worth living ! So gay it becomes !
from pleasure to pleasure it spins like a top !

See ! it's only a Shop-Girl—painting her face—
only a Girl of the Shop !

What a sermon is here ! Is Morality dumb ?
Or why doesn't Virtue whine and preach

At a woman who's driven from shop to the stage,
and discovers that honesty's out of her reach ?

She thinks once more of the days at home as
down on her pillow she sinks her head :

She sees her sisters flauntily fine, and hears her
little one cry for bread ;

And then comes love—not the old, old love, as
she felt it once in the country lanes—

But a passionate fever for gilded youth,—he
reckons the cost, and she counts the gains !

Still a dinner or so in a time of need ! and a soft
new dress for a lovely form,

Are things that most women are grateful for,—
they are sails of life that weather the storm.
Only a Shop-Girl fallen away !—by the road of
life ! Samaritan, stop !
Only a Shop-Girl ! Waiting the end ! Only a
Girl of the Shop !



THE WOMEN OF MUMBLES HEAD.

BRING, novelists, your note-book ! bring, drama-
tists, your pen !
And I'll tell you a simple story of what women
do for men.
It's only a tale of a lifeboat, the dying and the
dead,
Of a terrible storm and shipwreck, that happened
off Mumbles Head !
Maybe you have travelled in Wales, sir, and
know it north and south ;
Maybe you are friends with the "natives" that
dwell at Oystermouth !
It happens, no doubt, that from Bristol you've
crossed in a casual way,
And have sailed your yacht in the summer in
the blue of Swansea Bay.

Well ! it isn't like that in the winter, when the
lighthouse stands alone,

In the teeth of Atlantic breakers, that foam on
its face of stone.

It wasn't like that when the hurricane blew, or
the storm-bell tolled, or when

There was news of a wreck, and the lifeboat
launch'd, and a desperate cry for men.

When in the world did the coxswain shirk? a
brave old salt was he!

Proud to the bone of as four strong lads as ever
had tasted the sea,

Welshmen all to the lungs and loins, who about
the coast, 'twas said,

Had saved some hundred lives apiece—at a
shilling or so a-head!

So the father launched the lifeboat, in the teeth
of the tempest's roar,

And he stood like a man at the rudder, with an
eye on his boys at the oar.

Out to the wreck went the father! out to the
wreck went the sons!

Leaving the weeping of women, and booming of
signal guns,

Leaving the mother who loved them, and the
girls that the sailors love,

Going to death for duty, and trusting to God
above!

Do you murmur a prayer, my brothers, when
cosy and safe in bed,

For men like these, who are ready to die for a wreck off Mumbles Head ?

It didn't go well with the lifeboat ! 'twas a terrible storm that blew !

And it snapped the rope in a second that was flung to the drowning crew ;

And then the anchor parted—'twas a tussle to keep afloat !

But the father stuck to the rudder, and the boys to the brave old boat.

Then at last on the poor doom'd lifeboat a wave broke mountains high !

"God help us, now !" said the father. "It's over, my lads ! Good-bye."

Half of the crew swam shoreward, half to the sheltered caves,

But father and sons were fighting death in the foam of the angry waves.

Up at a lighthouse window two women beheld the storm,

And saw in the boiling breakers a figure—a fighting form,

It might be a grey-haired father—then the women held their breath,

It might be a fair-haired brother, who was having a round with death ;

It might be a lover, a husband, whose kisses were on the lips

Of the women whose love is the life of men going
down to the sea in ships ;
They had seen the launch of the lifeboat, they
had heard the worst, and more ;
Then, kissing each other, these women went
down from the lighthouse, straight to shore.

There by the rocks on the breakers these sisters,
hand in hand,
Beheld once more that desperate man who
struggled to reach the land.
'Twas only aid he wanted to help him across
the wave,
But what are a couple of women with only a
man to save ?
What are a couple of women ? Well, more
than three craven men
Who stood by the shore with chattering teeth,
refusing to stir—and then
Off went the women's shawls, sir ; in a second
they're torn and rent,
Then knotting them into a rope of love, straight
into the sea they went !

"Come back," cried the lighthouse-keeper, "for
God's sake, girls, come back !"
As they caught the waves on their foreheads,
resisting the fierce attack.
"Come back !" moaned the grey-haired mother,
as she stood by the angry sea,

"If the waves take you, my darlings, there's nobody left to me."

"Come back!" said the three strong soldiers, who still stood faint and pale,

"You will drown if you face the breakers! you will fall if you brave the gale!"

"Come back!" said the girls, "we will not! go tell it to all the town,

We'll lose our lives, God willing before that man shall drown!"

"Give one more knot to the shawls, Bess! give one strong clutch of your hand!

Just follow me, brave, to the shingle, and we'll bring him safe to land!

Wait for the next wave, darling, only a minute more,

And I'll have him safe in my arms, dear, and we'll drag him safe to shore."

Up to their arms in the water, fighting it breast to breast,

They caught and saved a brother alive! God bless us, you know the rest.

Well, many a heart beat stronger, and many a tear was shed,

And many a glass was toss'd right off to "The Women of Mumbles Head!"

THE DOCTOR'S DREAM.

I AM sitting alone, by the surgery fire, with my
pipe alight, now the day is done :
The village is quiet, the wife's asleep, the child
is hush'd, and the clock strikes One !
And I think to myself, as I read the news, and
bless my life for the peace upstairs,
That the burden's sore for the best of men, but
few can dream what a Doctor bears ;
For here I sit at the close of a day, whilst others
have counted their profit and gain,
And I've tried as much as a man can do, in my
humble manner, to soften pain :
I've warned them all, in a learned way, of careful
diet and talked of tone,
And when I've preached of regular meals, I've
scarcely had time to swallow my own.
I was waked last night in my first long sleep, when
I crawled to bed from my rounds, dead beat.
"Ah, the Doctor's called !" so they turned and
snored, as my trap went rattling down the
street !

I sowed my oats, pretty wild they were, in the
regular manner, when life was free,
For a Medical Student isn't a saint, any more
than your orthodox Pharisee !



I suppose I did what others have done, since the
whirligig round of folly began,
And the ignorant pleasures I loved as a boy—I
have pretty well cursed since I came to be
man.

But still I recall through the mist of the years,
and through the portals of memory steal,
The kindly voice of a dear old man, who talked
to us lads of the men who heal,
Of the splendid mission in life of those who
study the science that comes from God,
Who buckle the armour of Nature on, who bare
their breasts, and who kiss the rod.
So the boy disappeared in the faith of the man,
and the oats were sowed, but I never forgot
There were few better things in the world to do
than to lose all self in the Doctor's lot.

So I left the life that had seemed so dear, to
earn a crust that isn't so cheap,
And I bought a share of a practice here, to win
my way, and to lose my sleep ;
To be day and night at the beck and call of
men who ail and women who lie ;
To know how often the rascals live, and see
with sorrow the dear ones die ;
To be laughed to scorn as a man who fails,
when Nature pays her terrible debt ;
To give a mother her first-born's smile, and
leave the eyes of the husband wet ;

To face and brave the gossip and stuff that
travels about through a county town ;
To be thrown in the way of hysterical girls, and
live all terrible scandals down ;
To study at night by the midnight oil of new
disease and of human ills ;
To work like a slave for a weary year, and then
to be cursed when I sent my bills !

Upon my honour, we're not too hard on those
who cannot afford to pay,
For nothing I've cured the widow and child ;
for nothing I've watched till the night turned
day ;
I've earned the prayers of the poor, thank God,
and I've borne the sneers of the pampered
beast ;
I've heard confessions and kept them safe as a
sacred trust like a noble priest.
To do my duty I've daily sworn, as others must
do in this world of woe,
But I've driven away to the bed of pain, through
days of rain and through nights of snow.

As here I sit and I smoke my pipe, when the
day is done and the wife's asleep,
I think of that brother-in-arms who's gone, and
utter—well, something loud and deep !



And I read the news and I fling it down, and I
fancy I hear in the night that scream
Of a wife who's crying for vengeance ! Hark !
No, the house is still ! It's a Doctor's
Dream !

THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY.

COME, my lad, and sit beside me ; we have often
talked before
Of the hurricane and tempest, and the storms
on sea and shore :
When we read of deeds of daring, done for dear
old England's sake,
We have cited Nelson's duty, and the enterprise
of Drake ;
'Midst the fever'd din of battle, roll of drum, and
scream of fife,
Heroes pass in long procession, calmly yielding
up their life.
Pomps and pageants have their glory, in cathedral
aisles are seen
Marble effigies ; but seldom of the mercantile
marine.
If your playmates love adventure, bid them gather
round at school
Whilst you tell them of a hero, Captain Strachan,
of Liverpool.

Spite of storm and stress of weather, in a gale
that lashed the land,
On the *Cyprian* screw steamer, there the Captain
took his stand.
He was no fair-weather sailor, and he often made
the boast
That the ocean safer sheltered than the wild
Carnarvon coast.
He'd a good ship underneath him, and a crew of
English form,
So he sailed from out the Mersey in the hurri-
cane and storm.
All the luck was dead against him—with the
tempest at its height,
Fires expired, and rudders parted, in the middle
of the night
Sails were torn and rent asunder. Then he spake
with bated breath :—
“Save yourselves, my gallant fellows ! we are
drifting to our death !”

Then they looked at one another, and they felt
the awful shock,
When, with louder crash than tempest, they were
dashed upon a rock.
All was over now and hopeless ; but across those
miles of foam
They could hear the shouts of people, and could
see the lights of home.



"All is over!" screamed the Captain. "You have answered duty's call.
Save yourselves! I cannot help you. God have mercy on us all!"
So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt, and oar, and rope—
For the sailor knows where life is, there's the faintest ray of hope.
Then amidst the wild confusion, at the dreaded dawn of day,
From the hold of that doomed vessel crept a wretched Stowaway!

Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable lad?
Was it wild adventure stirred him, was he going to the bad?
Was he thief, or bully's victim, or a runaway from school,
When he stole that fatal passage from the port of Liverpool?
No one looked at him, or kicked him, 'midst the paralysing roar,
All alone he felt the danger, and he saw the distant shore.
Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was breaking fast,
And the Captain with his life-belt—he prepared to follow last;

But he saw a boy neglected, with a face of ashy grey,
“Who are you?” roared out the Captain. “I’m
the boy what stow’d away!”

There was scarce another second left to think
what he could do,
For the fatal ship was sinking—Death was ready
for the two.
So the Captain called the outcast as he faced
the tempest wild,
From his own waist took the life-belt, and he
bound it round the child.
“I can swim, my little fellow! Take the belt,
and make for land.
Up and save yourself!” The urchin humbly
knelt to kiss his hand.
With the life-belt round his body then the
youngster cleared the ship;
Over went the gallant Captain, with a blessing
on his lip.
But the hurricane howled louder than it ever
howled before,
As the Captain and the Stowaway were making
for the shore!

When you tell this gallant story to your play-
fellows at school,
They will ask you of the hero—Captain Strachan,
of Liverpool.



You must answer they discovered—on the beach
at break of day,
Safe—the battered, breathing body of the little
Stowaway ;
And they watched the waves of wreckage, and
they searched the cruel shore,
But the man who tried to save the little outcast
—was no more.

.
When they speak of English heroes, tell this
story where you can,
To the everlasting credit of the bravery of man,
Tell it out in tones of triumph, or with tears and
quicken'd breath,
“Manhood’s stronger far than storms, and Love
is mightier than Death !”



THE PRIDE OF THE TROOP.

UP in a garret of London town, and wearily
waiting with whitened head,
An old man sat with his prayers alone, for joy
was over and hope lay dead.
A summer ago, when the mocking sun, the
musical wind and the laughing wave,
Were telling of life once more he stood in the
old churchyard by an open grave.

For there in the shade of the darkened yews,
they lowered away from the sight of men
The woman and wife who had lightly scored the
furrows of threescore years and ten.
Mary melted a year before, like the feathery
flakes of the early snow,
To smooth the pillow, and rest the head, of her
tender mother by death laid low.
Desolate, childless—all but one—he said, “I
await the Avenger’s rod,
“But spare him only, my only son ; he’s called
the ‘Pride of the Troop,’ thank God !”

He sat alone—and the city’s roar went up to him
there on the topmost floor,
He heard the rush of the street below, his heart
stopped short as they passed the door ;
Careless voices they sent it on—“Fearful Battle !
and list of slain !”
“Special Edition” for men who sneer, and women
who never will smile again.
“Cavalry charge of the Englishmen !” an ode
such as poets of old rehearse,
Plucky enough for the patriot’s praise, bloody
enough for the democrat’s curse.
“Coward escape of the miscreant wretch” who
in heat of battle could sneak away,
And leave his slaves to the bayonet-point, and
the awful cheer of a splendid day.



Ever alone the old man sat, listening hard, whilst
his eyelids droop :

“God of Battles, oh hear my prayer! What have
you done with the Pride of the Troop?”

A minute more and a sound was heard—the throb
of terrible doubt was o’er,

For some one stopp’d in the street below, and
some one stood at the old man’s door.

Every second it seemed an age ; the old man
tottered and held his breath,

And a whistling lad, with a popular tune, de-
livered the message of life? No, death :

“Our hearts go out to you every one—if this isn’t
true it’s the last I speak—

For men of the stuff that your boy was made,
I’ll swear they are not made every week.

I shook his hand, and he gripped it hard, when
the bugle sounded his last ‘Good-night,’

And I saw him once, his sword in hand, cutting
right and left in the thick of the fight.

‘I shall never come back to the boys again ; I’m
as good as gone !’ were the words he said,

And the joy of the morrow was halved with
pain, for the beautiful Pride of the Troop
lay dead.”

And this was all that his father read, as the
blinding teardrops dimmed the news ;

But this wasn't all that there was to tell of the
Pride of a Troop of Her Majesty's Blues !
I heard the tale, and I venture now to tell it just
as it should be told,
'Twas only a woman, false as hell, who killed a
man who was true as gold !

“ I shall never come back to the boys again ; I'm
as good as gone ! ” Do you mind that now ?
There was something more in those simple words
than they seem to say. Ah, you ask me how ?
Well, they didn't mean this, that the grasp and
touch of the hand of Fate made coward of
Jim ;
And you'll think pretty much the same, I guess,
when you hear from me what I heard from
him.

There was a woman—there always is—of the
silky sort, with a mouth, and mane
All tiger yellow, uncertain eyes, and hair now
dullish, now gold as grain.
She was a woman of splendid form, with skin so
white that I really think
She'd have driven one-half of the world to kill,
and an average lot of the rest to drink.
She loved poor Jim in her amorous way—he'd
have kissed the ground that had touched
her feet ;

And she came to the barracks as bold as brass,
and married him off in Albany Street.
It all went well for a year or more, and he was
as happy as day, you know,
When the war broke out, and the world has
seen how the "feather-bed warriors" swore
they'd go ;
Claiming to fight, as their fathers fought before
a war was a grievous sin ;
Leaving their mothers and wives to God ! boot
and saddle, they all fell in !

Merciful Heaven ! what beasts there are who
cross the path of a man through life—
Venomous wretches, who write " Good friend !—
but can it be true of your lovely wife ?"
One such letter it came to Jim, scribbled and
scrawled by an unknown pen—
Why does the earth refuse to swallow the slimy
toads who are mis-called men ?
Oh ! but the letter, it spoke so fair, came, of
course, from a Christian kind,
And it said : " When the Pride of the Troop
has gone, he will leave the Pride of his
troop behind."
And in the letter a note was slipped, all black
with folly and red with guilt ;
But the transport-vessel was miles away ere
vengeance followed or blood was spilt.

We only noticed our friend grew sad ; his eyes
would flash, and his face would burn,
And he kept on saying : " The die is cast. I have
said good-bye, and shall never return ! "

He had scarcely been at the front a day when he
seemed so rash that we held him back ;
But he claimed a promise the colonel gave for a
dangerous post in the first attack,
And there he fell as he wished to fall, and the
men rode on who loved him well,
And chased the enemy far away to the sands of
death—is there more to tell ?
Well, only this. When I found him dead, and
over his body I chanced to stoop,
I found the letter which life-blood stained—it
had come from the heart of the Pride of the
Troop !



THE MIDNIGHT CHARGE.

PASS the word to the boys to-night !—lying
about midst dying and dead !—
Whisper it low ; make ready to fight ! stand like
men at your horses' head !
Look to your stirrups and swords, my lads, and
into your saddles your pistols thrust ;
Then, setting your teeth as your fathers did,
you'll make the enemy bite the dust !

What did they call us, boys, at home?—"Feather-bed soldiers!"—faith, it's true!

"Kept to be seen in her Majesty's parks, and mightily smart at a grand review!"

Feather-bed soldiers? Curse their chaff! Where in the world, I should like to know,

When a war broke out and the country called, was an English soldier sorry to go?

Brothers in arms and brothers in heart! cavalry! infantry! there and then;

No matter what careless lives they lived, they were ready to die like Englishmen!

So pass the word; in the sultry night,
Stand to your saddles! make ready to fight!

We are sick to death of the scorching sun, and the desert stretching for miles away;

We are all of us longing to get at the foe, and sweep the sand with our swords to-day!

Our horses look with piteous eyes—they have little to eat, and nothing to do;

And the land around is horribly white, and the sky above is terribly blue.

But it's over now, so the Colonel says: he is ready to start, we are ready to go:

And the cavalry boys will be led by men—Ewart! and Russell! and Drury-Lowe!

Just once again let me stroke the mane—let me kiss the neck and feel the breath

Of the good little horse who will carry me on to
the end of the battle—to life or death !

“Give us a grip of your fist, old man !” let us all
keep close when the charge begins !

God is watching o’er those at home ! God have
mercy on all our sins !

So pass the word in the dark, and then,
When the bugle sounds, let us mount
like men !

Out we went in the dead of the night ! away to
the desert, across the sand—

Guided alone by the stars of Heaven ! a speech-
less host ! a ghostly band !

No cheery voice that silence broke ; forbidden
to speak, we could hear no sound

But the whispered words, “Be firm, my boys !”
and the horses’ hoofs on the sandy ground.

“What were we thinking of then ?” Look here !
if this is the last true word I speak,

I felt a lump in my throat—just here—and a tear
came trickling down my cheek.

If a man dares say that I funk’d, he lies ! But
a man is a man, though he gives his life

For his country’s cause, as a soldier should—he
has still got a heart for his child and wife !

But I still rode on in a kind of dream ; I was
thinking of home and the boys—and then

The silence broke ! and a bugle blew ! then a
voice rang cheerily, “Charge, my men !”

So pass the word in the thick of the fight,
For England's honour and England's
might !

What is it like, a cavalry charge in the dead of
night? I can scarcely tell,
For when it is over it's like a dream, and when
you are in it a kind of hell !
I should like you to see the officers lead—forget-
ting their swagger and Bond Street air—
Like brothers and men at the head of the troop,
while bugles echo and troopers swear !
With a rush we are in it, and hard at work—
there's scarcely a minute to think or pause—
For right and left we are fighting hard for the
regiment's honour and country's cause !
Feather-bed warriors ! On my life, be they Life
Guards red or Horse Guards blue,
They haven't lost much of the pluck, my boys,
that their fathers showed them at Waterloo !
It isn't for us, who are soldiers bred, to chatter
of wars, be they wrong or right ;
We've to keep the oath that we gave our QUEEN !
and when we are in it—we've got to fight.

So pass the word, without any noise,
Bravo, Cavalry ! Well done, boys !

Pass the word to the boys to-night, now that the
battle is fairly won,

A message has come from the EMPRESS-QUEEN
—just what we wanted—a brief “Well
done !”

The sword and stirrups are sorely stained, and
the pistol barrels are empty quite,
And the poor old charger’s piteous eyes bear
evidence clear of the desperate fight.

There’s many a wound and many a gash, and
the sun-burned face is scarred and red ;
There’s many a trooper safe and sound, and
many a tear for the “pal” who’s dead !

I care so little for rights and wrongs of a terrible
war ; but the world at large—

It knows so well when duty’s done !—it will
think sometimes of our cavalry charge !

Brothers in arms and brothers in heart ! we
have solemnly taken an oath ! and then,

In all the battles throughout the world, we have
followed our fathers like Englishmen !

So pass this blessing the lips between—
’Tis the soldier’s oath—GOD SAVE THE
QUEEN.



THE CRY OF THE CLERK.

WHY do they talk of the Border-Land, the
rippling streams and miles of heather,
To one who, scribbling, pen in hand, can scarce
keep body and soul together ?

My border-land's 'twixt life and death, and I long
for the hum of the Underground
To take me away from the roar of the street, the
City's crash, and eternal sound
That ring in my ears from morn to night, from the
dawn to the dews, from the light to the dark.
Why do they open their ears to sorrow, and close
them fast to the Cry of the Clerk?

Envious? No! Let them visit the sea, neither
pain nor pleasure are far to seek,
But seas and summers are not for me with a
salary under a pound a week.
My only change is from desk to home, my only
trip on the tramway cars ;
My baby's face is my only moon ; and the eyes
of my wife are my only stars.
The rocks I climb are the paving-stones, and the
Milkman's voice is the morning lark
That wakes me out of my land of dreams,—where
I journey at times, though a penniless Clerk!

Twenty odd years I have sat at the desk, in the
same little den, in the same old court ;
Profit and loss I have balanced them up, the firm
seemed richer when bread was short ;
Drones and bees in the same glass-hive ; but they
looked on as I made the honey,
But it did seem hard they should waste so much,
when I could have cringed for a loan of
money

To save my sick, to bury my dead, to bring to
 haven the buffeted barque
 That threatened to split on the sands of Time,
 with the ~~life and love of the~~ threadbare Clerk !

I don't growl at the working-man, be his virtue
 strict or morality lax ;
 He'd strike if they gave him my weekly wage, and
 they never ask him for the Income-tax !
 They take his little ones out to tea in a curtained
 van when the fields are green,
 But never a flower, or field, or fern, in their leafy
 homes have my children seen.
 The case is different, so they say, for I'm re-
 spectable,—save the mark !
 He works with the sweat of his manly brow, and
 I with my body and brain—poor Clerk !

Respectability ! That's the word that makes
 such fellows as I grow lean,
 That sends my neighbours to Margate Pier,
 and sets me longing for Kensal Green !
 What in the world is a slave to do, whose ink-
 stained pen is his only crutch,
 Who counts the gain that staggers his brain,
 and fingers the till that he dare not touch !
 Where's the ambition, the hope, the pride of a
 man like me who has wrecked the Ark
 That holds his holiest gifts, and why ? Because
 he's honest and called a Clerk !

Why did I marry? In mercy's name, in the form
of my brother was I not born?
Are wife and child to be given to him, and love
to be taken from me with scorn?
It is not for them that I plead, for theirs are the
only voices that break my sorrow,
That lighten my pathway, make me pause 'twixt
the sad to-day and the grim to-morrow.
The Sun and the Sea are not given to me, nor
joys like yours as you flit together
Away to the woods and the downs, and across
the endless acres of purple heather.
But I've love, thank Heaven! and mercy, too;
'tis for justice only I bid you hark
To the tale of a penniless man like me—to the
wounded cry of a London Clerk!



KING SMALL-POX!—A LONDON STORY.

WHERE have you been this many a day, that
you haven't heard any one tell
Of the terrible story that happened last week at
a cottage in Clerkenwell?
I call it a cottage, for love was there. No doubt,
it was dirty and dark,
And the kind of grim tenement holding the
hopes of merely a wife and clerk.

Well, there they lived in a humble way, and
paid their way as they went,
And just for a blessing to help them on a child,
then a couple, were sent.
No need to repeat that at hall and hovel the
same old misery knocks ;
The young wife sicken'd, and, shaking his head,
the doctor he said, " Small-pox ! "

Now here was a blow for the faithful clerk, to
be told he must send her forth
With a babe new-born at her bosom ; and where?
No matter, to east or to north,
Wherever they take a poor poisoned thing, that
even humanity shuns ;
But there wasn't one door that was open to her
—so the terrible story runs.
There wasn't a bed nor shelter for her ; and for
him, he was bandied about
With sorrows, regrets, and with " hospital full ; "
she must wait for a week, no doubt.
So the heart-broken fellow must toil all day ; but
night his long agony rocks,
As he dozes to death by the side of his wife, in
the presence of King Small-pox !

So they took her away, with the babe new-born,
and a shiver went round the home,
And out he went of despair to die to gaze on the
river or roam

'Midst the glare and glitter of shops and gas—to
rest upon London's heart ;
For they'd taken the one sweet woman away,
whom nothing but this could part
From the man she had faithfully sworn to love—
it rang in his ears, this knell ;
He shook, he tottered, his brain reeled round, he
faltered, fainted, fell !
Just a fallen man on the London streets—how
the good Samaritans shrunk
From the prostrate wreck. "What, at it again?"
said Policeman X, "you're drunk."

•

He looked dead white in the bull's-eye glare,
'twas easy to drink impute ;
But strange to say he didn't get well with a kick
from a blucher boot !
So they called for a stretcher, a crowd came
round, and they lifted him, heavy as lead,
And women were moved with pity and shame,
at the sight of the drunk or dead.
They bundled him into a drunkard's cell, with
the usual refuse swept,
And they opened the wicket and said "All's
well," for the dissolute drunkard slept ;
But with the morrow delirium came. "He's
shamming, the artful fox ;"
But the doctor, when summoned, he didn't agree.
"A virulent case ! Small-pox."

In the dead of the night they carried him off,
Samaritans now perform—
With just a tinge of pity, perhaps with sorrow, or
say remorse—
To put him away in a hospital bed. We travel
through life in pairs.
But they didn't tell him—for nobody knew—his
wife was awake downstairs.
Unbidden, the tears to her eyelids came ; un-
knowing, his infant cried ;
And the wife and the little one shuddered—'tis
strange—the hour that the husband died,
Within ten yards of the woman he loved, and the
kindly nurses say
She was lost in a vision the rest of the night that
his spirit passed away.

The wife grew strong, and as time slipped on she
fancied her child could speak
Of home and father, the doctor kind had prom-
ised them both next week.
Poor fellow, he couldn't come there to them—
they'd suddenly ring the bell ;
And she cried as pretty young women will do
who are happy in Clerkenwell.
The doctor was good as his word, and knew the
various Government Acts,
The nurses kissed the mother and child, and the
clergyman gave them tracts ;

But I wouldn't have heard the scream of the wife,
when they said at her door, "Who knocks?"
"Husband! Where is my husband gone?"
"You're a widow!" grinned King Small-pox.



WEARY WOMANKIND.

THREE weary young women of London town
Sent up their thoughts when they went to rest.
A Slatern was one in her greasy old gown,
And a Mother another, whose kindly breast,
Had soothed the screams of a fractious child,
That had beat at her heart and her brains all
day;
And the third was a Seamstress, lean and mild,
Though weary—these women had something
to say.

The Slatern she owned she was weary of Jack,
Good fellow, no doubt! but whose curious
ways
Were impressed on his wife, by some weals on
her back,
And by terrible bruises—well, under her stays;
And she thought on this night could she ever
get rid
Of a man who when drunk didn't care how
she fed.

She'd been true to this fellow, and did as he bid,
So the heart-broken Slatern crept into her
bed.

The Mother was weary, for half of that day
She'd been bearing her burden from door
unto door ;
No woman may rest on Her Majesty's way,
But now her poor babe was asleep on the floor,
So she thought, this sad mother, "Will weariness
end
By starving, or prison, or how will it be ?
I haven't a penny," she sighed, "or a friend !"
Still she slept and determined the morrow to
see.

The poor little Sewing Girl, weary of course
With the whirl of the wheel, the machinery's
click,
She'd the strength of a mouse and the work of a
horse,
But the child was so quiet she hadn't a kick !
So she said, "It don't matter, for many, worse off,
Cannot cling to the wheel for support, and
must die."
But before she could sleep she remembered the
scoff
Of girls whose smart feathers attracted her
eye.

Now, would you believe it? When all were
asleep,
And the woes of all womenkind seemed at an
end,
That a cry just as bitter, and sighs quite as deep,
Went up to humanity seeking a friend
For the prettiest girl that the mind can depict,
With the neatest of dresses and softest of hair,
Her waist it was slender, her conduct was strict,
But beneath her blue eyes was the black of
despair.

“I am weary,” she said, “on my honour it’s true,
Though I’ve spent all the day amidst ribbons
and lace ;
My sisters ! your fashions are pleasant to you—
They are torture to us ! ’Tis a sin, a disgrace,
That you sit at the counter all day and you fuss ;
Our task is to stand, your delight is to shop ;
It’s the joy of your lives, but it’s death unto us—
You’re hardest to please when we’re ready to
drop.”

“It wasn’t our fault that our fathers have failed
At home, at the farm, or the forge, or the mill,
But you’ve got us all fast, at the counter we’re
nailed,
Like the dubious coin that, was saved from
the till.

We are modest ! Who dares to deny it ? We try
To be women as good as you see we are
neat ;
But we stand all the day, and are ready to die,
Till we drag to our rest with our weary young
feet.

"'Tis easy to scoff, but more tedious far
To smile and look merry from eight unto
ten,
And the school of the shop and the counter and
bar
Doesn't teach us good lessons of women or
men !"
So the Slattern, the Mother, the Sewing Girl
slight,
Dropped off into dreams about toil and the
town :
But the weariest woman who slept that night
Was the fair-haired girl with the neat black
gown.



THE TALE OF THE TELEGRAPH CLERK.

WITH aching eyes and fingers worn
By private craze and public crash,
I sit and slave from night to morn,
And do my turn at "dot" and "dash."

I see that some are free to roam,
To rest a little while, and laugh ;
But this small office is my home,
Where I've to work the Telegraph.

The messages come pouring in—
From Alice "love ;" a growl from Dick ;
I know what horse is bound to win ;
But still this everlasting click !
"At home, my dear, I cannot dine,"
Wires craftily some better half ;
Would his reversion could be mine,
But I've to work the Telegraph.

My fingers spin the ball that whirls
The world's roulette from dawn to dark ;
I plead for broken-hearted girls,
And catch the unsuspecting clerk ;
I'm messenger of life and death,
The voice of fate, the jester's chaff ;
'Tis mine—the universal breath—
Whilst I command the Telegraph !

Within my breast securely locked,
I hold the secrets of the town ;
Life hangs on me when lines are blocked,
Without me commerce tumbles down.

The great world stops when work is done
There's rest for managers and staff,
But for the operator—none ;
He still must work the Telegraph.

In summer time I scent the breeze
That comes from mountain and from sea,
I seem to hear the waving trees
Conveyed by Electricity ;
I "touch" the towns where maidens skate,
And long, these winter days, to laugh ;
Why moan ? when I manipulate
The Departmental Telegraph !

Oh, fellow-workers ! we but ask—
Not as a favour but a right—
Some slight concession in our task,
A pause by day, some rest at night.
We beg for bread, and not a stone—
The whole of comfort, not the half,
Come ! earn the blessing, not the groan,
Of men who work the Telegraph !

THE OUTCAST.

MAGISTRATE (*curtly*). How do you live?

PRISONER (*sadly*). I do not live, my lord, I only linger !

WHY do they hunt me so from street to street ?

I'm but a weary, God-forsaken creature !

In all my wanderings no friend I meet,

I find no love in any human feature.

What can your rich world care for such as I,

Seared to the heart by scorn's accusing
finger ?

A weary outcast only wants to die—

I do not live, my lord, I only linger !

There was a time when all I touched turned
gold,

Then friends flock'd merrily to taste my
bounty ;

I never turned a dog into the cold,

Or let the poor go starving to the county ;

Still I was robb'd of all I loved ; but how ?

Ask Death, of all my ills the evil-bringer.

All are gone from me ! All are gone ! and
now

I do not live on earth, I only linger !

Will the dark never come to one whose feet

Are bruised with stones upon a road of tears ?

When will the daylight fade and let me greet
Friends whom I loved in dear remembered
years?
Why am I tortured in this lovely world
Where I must ask, and they will never
give?
In distant harbour where rent sails are furled,
There let me linger, Lord, that I may live !



THE MIDSHIPMITE.

"WELL ! that's a woman I pity ! Get out of
your easy chair,
Look out of the window ; that woman in black
with glory of red-gold hair."
"Why does she carry a primrose cross, and
what has her misery been ?"
"She has only lost her child, my lad, and is going
to Kensal Green."

We prate of our little troubles, we men of muscle
and brain ;
We curse if our pipes of peace won't draw, and
howl at the wind and rain.
And those of our band who scribble a bit are
instantly down in luck

If they're stabbed in the back by an ignorant
fool who hasn't a grain of pluck.

It's grim to feel you're honest, no doubt, possess-
ing a soul to save,
When Editors bribe some dissolute cad to hound
you as cheat and knave ;
'Tis God will winnow the false and true, who
knows what our sins have been !
But think of poor innocent Margaret Gray, who
is walking to Kensal Green.

What is her story ? Well, light your pipe, and
sit you down in your chair.
Two chapters—one, it is headed, "Of Love," the
other is marked "Despair."
I have seen some joy, but the Park at Knole was
never in spring so gay
As when Margaret Welsh in Sevenoaks Church
was married to Bernard Gray !

'Twas a runaway match in the Weald of Kent
that was blest by the parson prim ;
His life was given to art—the stage—and hers
was given to him :
Never a man have I known so pure, and never
a girl so brave,

As were married that day in Sevenoaks Church
when the primrose covered the grave.

They talk of love in an empty way ; but this was
the crown of life,
When Bernard seemed in a dream, and shook at
the touch of his sweet-voiced wife.
Whenever they kiss'd, their eyes in love were
brimming with tears of joy,
And the prize of happiness came next spring
with the birth of their baby-boy.

What had they done to deserve God's wrath?
In the old mysterious way
Death stretched his fingers out, and felt for the
heart of Bernard Gray ;
Life was too happy for him, poor lad ! he'd been
fading for years, they said ;
And the mother and child were asleep one night
when Bernard Gray lay dead.

Down like an avalanche swept despair through
the house where love had smiled,
Crushing the innocent mother alone by the side
of her only child.
As you make your bed you must tumble down,
is the rule of our worldly life,

And there wasn't a soul to pity the fate of the
destitute actor's wife.

For six long years, as I live, 'tis true, in the
midst of the City's din,
She slaved and starved for her baby-boy, and
her soul was free from sin ;
And at last they said for the actor's child they
had found on the stage a part,
So she said, "The gift that an artist gave, I will
dedicate pure, to art."

They took him away from his mother, and her
heart was sick and sore,
Though her baby-boy was the life and soul of
"Her Majesty's Pinafore ;"
Whenever the theatre rang with cheers, and
echoed with wild delight,
A heart in the gallery shook with fear for the
fate of the Midshipmite.

For the boy was odd, old-fashioned, and over-
clever, 'twas said.
He was full of the strangest fancies ; complained
of an aching head ;
And one day, half in earnest, and possibly half
in fun,

He ask'd, "Who will help us, mother, when the
'Pinafore's' ceased to run?"

'Twas the close of a heartless winter that changed
to a cheerless spring
With the wind in the east that struck with a chill
the child at the draughty wing,
When the mother found, to her horror, the boy
was too ill to sup,
And he said in his curious manner, "The 'Pina-
fore' run is up!"

"Give me a kiss, my mother, and put me away to
bed,
For my limbs they ache; I shiver; I've pains
in my throbbing head;
I feel to-night so weary." And out of his tune-
ful store
He murmured the airs, in a childlike way, of
Her Majesty's 'Pinafore.'

"Oh, say that you love me, darling!" she
whispered, pale with fears;
But he murmured, "Hardly ever," as he kissed
away her tears;
And then as a nightmare vision the mind of a
sleeper haunts,

He said, "You'll be kind to my cousins, my sisters, and my aunts."

On the ship that had been his playground he
sailed to his rest at last,
With a cheer for his baby comrades as he clung
to the yielding mast ;
And he moaned out, rack'd with torture, as the
sand in the hour-glass ran,
"Well, in spite of all temptation, your boy is an
Englishman !"

.
They buried the little sailor, quite close to his
father's side,
Seven years from the day when, in Sevenoaks
Church, his mother was made a bride.
So there's a story of that which is ! God knows
what might have been ;
And this is the reason why Margaret Gray is
walking to Kensal Green !

THE WARRIORS OF THE SEA.

A LIFEBOAT STORY.

UP goes the Lytham signal! St. Anne's has
summoned hands!
Knee-deep in surf the lifeboat's launched
abreast of Southport sands!
Half deafened by the screaming wind: half
blinded by the rain,
Three crews await their coxswains, and face
the hurricane!
The stakes are death or duty! No man has
answered "No!"
Lives must be saved out yonder on the doomed
ship *Mexico!*
Did ever night look blacker? did sea so hiss
before?
Did ever women's voices wail more piteous on
the shore?
Out from three ports of Lancashire that night
went lifeboats three,
To fight a splendid battle, manned by Warriors
of the Sea!
Along the sands of Southport brave women
held their breath,
For they knew that those who loved them,
were fighting hard with death.
A cheer went out from Lytham! the tempest
tost it back,

As the gallant lads of Lancashire bent to the
waves' attack ;
And girls who dwell about St. Anne's, with
faces white with fright,
Pray'd God would still the tempest, that dark
December night.
Sons, husbands, lovers, brothers, they'd given
up their all,
These noble English women heart-sick at
duty's call ;
But not a cheer, or tear, or prayer, from those
who bent the knee,
Came out across the waves to nerve those
Warriors of the Sea !

Three boats went out from Lancashire, but
one came back to tell
The story of that hurricane, the tale of oceans' hell !
All safely reached the *Mexico*, their trysting-
place to keep.
For one there was the rescue, the others in
the deep
Fell in the arms of victory ! dropped to their
lonely grave,
Their passing bell the tempest, their requiem
the wave !
They clung to life like sailors, they fell to
death like men.
Where, in our roll of heroes ? When in our
story ? When ?

Have Englishmen been braver, or fought more
loyally,
With death that comes by duty to the Warriors
of the Sea !

One boat came back to Lytham ! its noble
duty done,
But at St. Anne's and Southport, the prize of
Death was won !
Won by those gallant fellows, who went men's
lives to save,
And died there crown'd with glory ! enthroned
upon the wave !
Within a rope's throw of the wreck, the English
sailors fell,
A blessing on their faithful lips, when ocean
rang their knell ;
Weep not for them, dear women ! cease wring-
ing of your hands !
Go out to meet your heroes across the South-
port sands !
Grim Death for them is stingless ! The Grave
has victory !
Cross oars and bear them nobly home ! Brave
Warriors of the Sea !

When in dark nights of winter, fierce storms
of wind and rain,
Howl round the cosy homestead, and lash the
window-pane ;

When over hill and tree-top, we hear the
 tempests roar,
And hurricanes go sweeping on, from valley to
 the shore ;
When nature seems to stand at bay, and silent
 terror comes,
And those we love on earth the best, are
 gathered in our homes !
Think of the sailors round the coast, who
 braving sleet or snow,
Leave sweethearts, wives, and little ones, when
 duty bids them go !
Think of our sea-girt island ! a harbour, where
 alone,
No Englishman to save a life has failed to risk
 his own !
Then when the storm howls loudest, pray of
 your charity,
That God will bless the Lifeboat ! and the
 Warriors of the Sea !



THE COMING WINTER.

A TRAGEDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

"We see the Coming Winter," say the children,
 "in our dreams,
One round of endless holiday the merry
 Christmas seems.

There is a good time coming of feasting, fun,
and rhymes,
Of clever conjurors by day and nightly panto-
mimes !
Good Santa Claus will hover round the house-
hold as we sleep,
And bring us costly toys to break and pretty
books to keep ;
There'll be pudding, pie, and pastry in a world
too sweet to last,
All in the merry Winter that is coming on so
fast ! ”

“ We dread the Coming Winter,” sigh the
children in the street,
“ For the cold it chills our bodies and our
shoeless little feet.
About the shops we wander, to the market
down our way,
With eyes too tired for weeping, and hearts
too sad to play.
We are hungry in the morning, and go
starving to our bed,
And it can't be ‘ Jolly Christmas ’ when we
want a bit of bread ;
We may cry for food to mother ; she'll have
nothing left to give
In the long and dreary Winter that is coming
—if we live ! ”

"I love the happy Winter," laughs the
careless-hearted lass,
As she turns to love herself once more before
the looking-glass.
"There'll be country-house and covert, there'll
be pictures and the play,
And skating till the night-time, and dancing
till the day ;
There'll be lots of pocket-money, for the girl
who only knows
To frill her pretty neck with lace, and
advertise her hose !
The boys are coming back, and bring their
college friends no doubt,
In the cheery coming Winter when the money
flies about !"

"Ah, God ! the Coming Winter !" sighs the
maiden at her wheel ;
"If only our young sisters there, could picture
what we feel !
If only pretty virtue could but know how we
begin
To break off from our praying and in fancy
dream of Sin !
We are dying at our sewing, as the cruel
wheel goes round,
And we dream about the river and the noisome
underground.

We were not born for sorrow, but it hurries on
us fast,
Before the Coming Winter, that will shiver us
at last !”

“Confound it ! here’s the Winter ! Oh ! it
cuts one like a knife,”
Cry the boys, who, like the children, break
the little toys of life !
“Let us shirk the beastly weather, and unite
the night and day
In one long and festive gambol that Society
calls play.
There’ll be baccarat and poker, when we make
our little ‘pile,’
And swindle one another in a gentlemanly
style !
He’s a fool who thinks of working, there’s the
odd trick and the rub,
So we’ll sort our Christmas cards like jolly
fellows at the club !”

“Can I face the Coming Winter and its
miserable ways ?”
Asks the threadbare shabby fellow who has
known his better days.
They shun him who have robbed him, and
they cut him in the street,
For grim poverty has stamped him from his
head unto his feet.

He hasn't nerve to cringe to them, and hasn't
heart to think.

So he shambles round the corner, and he
warms himself with drink,

'Tis the only food that nourishes forgetfulness
—alas !

So he toasts the Coming Winter from the
poison in his glass !

“About the Coming Winter ?” asks the
husband to the wife,

As they rub along together in their calm,
contented life.

“There's the orthodox subscription that per-
haps we ought to give,

For they tell me these poor creatures find it
very hard to live !”

“Well, be just before you're generous,” says
the matron to her spouse,

“For if you've to pay the carriage, *I* have got
to keep the house !”

So they order up their dinner, since they've
other fish to fry,

And elect to think about the Coming Winter
by-and-by !

Look up, good Mr. Dives ! from the table
where you dine,

And hear the men who murmur, and the little
ones who whine ;

Go out into the highways and the byways, and
 behold
The truth, or the deception, of the saddest
 story told !
It may be some are thriftless, and many more
 who walk
And curse their empty pockets, spend their
 toiling hours in talk.
It may be this, it may be that, that causes
 them to fall,
But the cruel, crawling Winter ! it is coming
 on them all !

Go ! tell the little children to sacrifice their
 fun,
Remind the giddy women, "What is Pleasure
 when it's done ?"
Say to the boys who gambol, "A better life
 begin,
Assist a wretch from starving and a woman's
 soul from Sin !"
This is no time for dreaming ! they are
 drowning within reach !
Fling out a rope to save them ! let us practise
 what we preach.
There is wailing, there is weeping, there are
 bodies on the rack,
Let us face the Coming Winter ! and attack it
 back to back !

THE CHILDREN'S CRY.

BEFORE the beautiful year grows old, and
sunlight fades upon sea and land,
Whilst fields have colour and gardens gold,
and holiday crowds move hand in hand ;
When over the meadows they toss the hay,
and poppies appear in the waving wheat,
When the silent forest is passing sad, and the
breath of summer is piercing sweet ;
When a sigh goes forth from the working town,
and a whisper comes from the fields and
hills,
And the whirl of wheels for an instant stops,
and the pace is over that cures or kills ;
'Tis then, my Brothers, and Sisters too, we
each of us owe a tremendous debt,
When we hurry away from the London roar,
and leave the eyes of the children wet ;
A debt we owe, and it must be paid to the
utmost letter—I'll tell you why,
The summer brings sorrow to way-worn feet,—
and this is the reason the children cry !

Three children sat in a London square, in front
of a house with the blinds drawn down.
"Are they dead," said one, "in the rooms up
there?" "No," answered the other ;
"they're out of town !

They've hurried the dear little family off with
their spades, and pails, and their seaside
hats,

They've locked the garden and left us here with
the empty cabs and the starving cats.

It isn't for us to be pale and thin, when we're
given in charge of the sweltering streets,

For they give us a peep, between bars, at
trees, and permit us to huddle on doorstep
seats.

If it wasn't so dreadfully wrong to ask, we'd
like to know where the roses grow,

And if it be true there are distant hills away
in a wonderful land, you know,

Where it's green as far as the eye can see,
where the wind blows sweet and the
fields are wide.

Will nobody say where the country is?" As
nobody answered, the children cried !

"I think I know where the country is," said
a fair little child, whose breath came
short ;

"I heard it once from a rickety lad, who came
to live in our dingy court.

It is where they find some wonderful waves,
and lovely water all green and blue,

And they pour it over the weakly limbs, and
they seem to grow ; do you think it's true ?

I should like to look at this beautiful sea, and
touch it just for once ; for, listen to me—
I've a brother at home who is fading away,
and I think he might live by the beautiful
sea.

I wonder if I were to knock at this door, and
ask the old woman to show me the way
To the place where they dig on the sands and
bathe, and children like us are permitted
to play,

Would she push me away after slamming the
door, or tell me some more of the waves
and tide ?

It isn't so much for myself as for him"—and
the poor little sister unconsciously cried !

"But why was this beautiful country made ?"
thought a curious child in a doorway
nook,

"It doesn't seem fair that a few should taste,
and many be never allowed to look.

Was it made for the women who every day
buy baskets of flowers and set them
down,

And allow us to peep whilst they are asleep
in the blinding heat of the dusty town ?

Was it made to separate rich and poor, to
give us hope and our neighbours health ?

Are fields and flowers grim poverty's ban, and
sun and shadow the prize of wealth ?

Do you think that summer was made for death,
to soften sorrow and sweeten loss ?
That flowers were given for children's graves,
and born to die on a funeral cross ?
Is it true that the men at whose doors we
sit can leave such weeds in the streets
to die ?
Can turn their eyes from our faces pale, and
close their eyes to the children's cry ? ”

’Tis easy to follow where fancy leads, believe
me or not, but never forget
’Tis a terrible thing if a kindly world refuses to
cancel the children's debt.
The lovely summer too soon takes wing, the
changing seasons divide and part ;
But a shilling may buy us an infant's smile,
and a pound can borrow a thankful heart ;
A day in the air that we love to breathe, an
hour or so by the changing sea,
A song of happiness under trees, when the air
blows soft and the heart is free—
It sounds so little to those who go, but oh ! so
much to many who stay,
With indolent feet dividing the dust, whilst
happier lips are drinking the spray !

Come, open your purses, turn them out, and
let the little ones dive down deep

In many a pocket to find a spell that may
 silence sorrow or purchase sleep.
 One feather the less in a bonnet or hat wouldn't
 ruin the look of the prettiest miss,
 And many a woman would gladly change a
 flower or fan for the children's kiss ;
 A little less dinner, my epicure friend, a smaller
 regalia after lunch,
 And the difference send to Bouverie Street
 post haste directed to—MR. PUNCH.



THE WRECK OF THE "INDIAN CHIEF."

OUTWARD bound in the *Indian Chief*, with
 skipper, and pilot a Northern man,
 Thirty all told from the Yorkshire coast, we
 sailed for the Channel, to make Japan.
 Icily cold from the nor'-nor'-east, the wind like
 an arrow went whistling by ;
 The stars stood sharp by a frozen moon ; and
 the moon stared white in a frosty sky ;
 And the skipper he cried as we changed the
 watch, "Keep a good look-out—do you
 understand ?
 We must strain our eyes for the bright Knock
 light, and clear the surf of the Goodwin
 Sand.

I've sailed on a fouler night, my lads, but many
a vessel has come to grief,
In spite of the light of the 'Kentish Knock.'
Still here's good luck to the *Indian*
Chief!"

It seemed so strange that a starlight sky should
look so calm on a seething sea ;
And a crueller wind never shivered the skin,
or made the mast like a bending tree.
We were miles away from the Ramsgate Pier,
and our course set clear of the Kentish
Knock,
When the ship gave a shy like a frightened
horse, and then came a crash and a
sickening shock ;
We knew what it meant when, without any fuss,
the skipper and pilot folded hands,
And the rockets went up in the pitiless sky—
we had struck on the bar of the Goodwin
Sands !
What was the use of the compass now, or sail,
or rudder ? No treacherous reef
Could ever imprison with firmer grip, than the
sands that swallowed the *Indian Chief!*

It didn't take long for the end to come, when
the waves washed savagely over our
deck,

So we lighted a flare, as a desperate chance,
to guide brave men to our hopeless wreck.

The pilot, the skipper, his brother the mate,
and the thirty odd souls in a desperate plight,

Crept into the masts in the searching cold,
looking death in the face on a New Year's night.

One by one, as the masts gave way, they
dropped like birds from a frozen tree,

When the skipper, who clung to his brother
the mate, sang out "Thank God! There's
the Lifeboat! See!"

We thought him mad, with his fingers stretched
to a distant speck like a floating leaf;

"'Tis a branch of olive!" the pilot cried, and
the message is "Hope for the *Indian Chief!*"

Lashed to their oars, in the blinding storm, on
they had come in a steamer's wake,

Ramsgate men, with never a care for a sailor's
death, for a sailor's sake.

Out there followed from Clacton coast, Ald-
borough, Harwich, a score of hands,

When the tidings travelled, "An English ship
is breaking her back upon Goodwin
Sands."

'Twas a race for life, and the *Bradford* won !
But as soon as the boat from the tug was
cast,

The sea stood in front of the Ramsgate men,
as they heard the shrieks from the sink-
ing mast.

Shouts of succour across the waves, and cries
of agony past belief,

What is the use of a Lifeboat manned, when
the sea has a prize in the *Indian Chief* ?

The skipper lay dead by his brother the mate,
with a smile on his face for the wife at
home,

And the morning broke to the moan, "How
long?" and the endless cry, "Will the
Lifeboat come?"

.
But the evening closed on a conquered sea,
and masts where never a sailor clings ;

And they run to the end of the Ramsgate
Pier, to see the prize that the Lifeboat
brings.

It isn't in money, or gold, that's paid the
terrible debt of the enemy sea,

But flesh and blood of a shipwrecked crew is
a richer reward you'll all agree.

Many a ship, as the year rolls on, with skipper,
and pilot, and faithful hands,

Will sail from home on a winter sea, and drift
to death upon Goodwin Sands.
But when the plea for the Lifeboat comes,
there'll not be many to grudge relief
To the men who answered to duty's call, and
stood by the wreck of the *Indian Chief*!

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THE LAY OF THE LIFEBOAT.

GENTLEMEN all, are your glasses charged? for
I've a toast for the winter weather.

Answer it, then, with a three times three;
voice and heart, if you please together.

It is not a sorrowful theme I sing, though the
red leaves rot in the winter garden,

And east winds meet the embrace of the north,
our throats to scourge and muscles to
harden.

Come far away from the weary fogs, those
winding sheets of our London life;

Away from the prow of the burglar-sneak, and
the thud of the brute who has kicked his
wife.

I'd tell to-day of the rock-bound coast, the
screaming surf, and the sea-blown sand;

And drink to the men who are off to sea,
when the sailors shout that the Lifeboat's
manned.

They talk of battles, and rank and file ; they
call the roll, count cannon and loss ;
And Tom he wears a corporal's stripe, and
brave little Jim the Victoria Cross.
They march to the front with fife and drum,
and follow the beat of the regiment's
band ;
They see their flag as it waves, and hear the
jolly old colonel's clear command.
But there's never a sound in the battle at sea,
but the howling storm and the scream
afar ;
And it's only duty points the way when the
ships break up on the harbour bar.
It is dark unto death on the midnight sea, and
darker still on the sleeping land ;
But only women are left on shore to cry,
"They're off !" when the Lifeboat's
manned.

Certain risk and a chance reward—this is the
tale that the Lifeboat tells.
What was their prize but the lives of men,
those splendid fellows who died at Wells ?
Love and pleasure were theirs at home, danger
and death they faced at sea ;
Their lives were swallowed in waves of Fate
when the men they hurried to save were
free.

Out they went in the terrible storm, hurricane-
hard on the Norfolk coast ;
Women they weep, as women will do ; but
never a sailor quits his post.
Seizing the oar, the rocket, and rope, out they
went from the sheltering land :
Never again will they wake to hear their com-
rades shout when the Lifeboat's manned.

Gentlemen all, when the storms are out, the
roof-tree shakes, and the windows rattle,
Just think a little of ships at sea, the wave's
attack, and the sailor's battle.
You close the shutters and bar the door, in
cosy homes of the sheltered city ;
You give one sigh for the Lifeboat—yes, and
you offer her crew a grain of pity.
But, on my honour, I'd like to know if pluckier
men in the world exist
Than those who buckle the lifebelt on, when
wives are left and the children kissed.
So again I ask, are your glasses charged ? will
you send a cheer from the friends on
shore
To the men who go to their death at sea, and
do their duty ?—men can't do more.
Hope departs when the land is lost ; love is
blown from the rocks and sand.
Ready to die is the motto of men—and this is
the reason the Lifeboat's manned.

THE SOLDIER TIRED.

[Died by his own hand at — Hotel, St. James's,
Lieutenant — —, of the Scots Guards, aged
twenty-one.

Extract from a letter left behind.

"I am tired of the world, as the good things do
not come off often enough to make life worth
living! I am off! I have been writing standing
up about an hour. So good-bye, old boy!"

ALONE at night in London town,
When Clubs were closed, and day was
breaking,
A soldier laid his armour down,
And faced the sleep that has no waking!
For eighteen hundred years and more
They've preach'd of toil, and faith still
firmer,
This warrior felt *his* life "a bore,"
And quitted it without a murmur.

"I'm weary of this world," poor scoff,
Too common in an age of plenty;
The good things really don't come off
To all the boys of one-and-twenty!
No more the child, and free from school,
On threshold of existence mellow;
"I've gambled, and I've played the fool,
So now I'm off! Good-bye, old fellow!"

"I'm off!" and thus the soldier dares
To pen his last pathetic letter,
To shirk a life of crowd and cares,
And find alone mayhap a better.
He lost at baccarat or nap,
The stakes, though small, grew somewhat
bigger,
Then writes, "I'm off, good-bye, old chap,"
Shakes hands with Death, and pulls the
trigger.

Eternal peace to such a lad,
Who for man's fire had little fuel,
Who staved off going to the bad
By that which at the best is cruel.
Was there no woman in the world
To stand before his eyes, and smother
The cry that into space was hurled—
No sister, sweetheart, or a mother?

Oh! British boys with honest hearts,
You lads with pleasure satiated,
Is this the way to play the parts
By your great ancestors created?
Is this the way old soldiers fell,
Guards of the same majestic nation?
To them no folly was a knell,
No epitaph—an execration!

“The good things” never will “come off”—
The game’s unfair, let no one doubt you—
Unless you cease to chaff and scoff
At all that may be pure about you !
Unless the Soldiers of the Guard,
Can learn in spite of youth’s dejection,
That life is sometimes very hard,
But often sweet with recollection,



TWO WOMEN.

[“When the news of the Duke of Albany’s death arrived,
the Empress of the French at once repaired to
Windsor Castle: the Queen received her, silent
and speechless, in a long and affectionate embrace.”
—*Morning Paper*.]

WHEN the dismal bells are tolling, and the
City’s draped in woe ;
When with sympathetic sorrow pass the people
to and fro ;
When across the ancient harbour booms the
dreadful minute-gun,
Saying Princes are but mortal and another
race is run ;
When the muffled drums are beating, and a
Nation holds its breath

At the door where silent mourners own the
Majesty of Death,
Let us gently lift the curtain, that hangs heavy
on the scene,
Where a sad and gentle Empress met a
weeping widow'd Queen.

Time has scarcely softened sorrow, scarce the
broken heart has healed,
Since they brought the news of terror from
a savage battle-field.
Who that lives forgets the story of the youth
beloved by all,
Left alone by friends and kinsmen, left to
struggle and to fall?
From the mighty heart of England came a
wild indignant cry,
When they saw the boy deserted, bravely
fight, and nobly die.
Home they brought him to the country that
he loved, life's labour done,
Brought the pride of dead ambition, brought
the widow's only son.
Then the people who were watching felt the
tears unbidden start,
When the Queen of many mothers took an
Empress to her heart!

Once again the battle rages, once again men
fall and die ;

Once again sad wives are widowed and the
little children cry ;
Once again—oh ! grim example—ere the
sacrifice is done,
Pallid Death demands his victim in a widow's
youngest son.
Far away from home and kindred snapt the
slender thread of life,
Far from help of those who loved him, gentle
Mother, tender Wife.
Home across dividing ocean, home to rest in
pomp and pride,
See the kindly brother bringing all that's left
of him who died.
But the people ever watching lingered sadly
on the scene,
When the gentle Empress folded in her arms
a weeping Queen !

From a thousand churches' steeples let the
City hear the toll,
In the aisles of great cathedrals let the mighty
organ roll ;
Let the sailors line the jetty, and the soldiers
arms reverse,
As they wait the sad procession and the
coming of the hearse !
Let us bring him home with pity, let the
choristers prolong

Till they touch the gates of heaven with their
 agony of song ;
But above the mighty pageant, when the
 saddened crowds depart,
Will be heard the silent sobbing of a woman's
 lonely heart ;
When the solemn anthem's over, in the distance
 will be seen,
Clasped together in their sorrow, woman
 Empress, widowed Queen.
On the tomb the flowers wither, warm with
 sweet affection's breath,
But the sorrow that is human is more merciful,
 than Death !

*A PRISONER OF WAR.*

HECTOR MACLAINE, R.A., murdered at Candahar,
A.D. 1880.

COME ! gather round, and I'll tell you a story—
 Strange it may sound in material days.
War is the theme and its issue is glory,—
 Silly old troubadours jingled such lays.

What is the name of my hero ? Writ
 plain,
Soldier, and Scotchman, it's Hector
 Maclaine !

Hector sounds well in a story of battle ;
Homer had some such old hero in Troy.
Schoolboys may doubt ; but the roar and the
rattle,
Cannon and smoke—that's the school of the
boy.

Woolwich Cadet ! oh ! so cruelly slain :
Why did they leave you, young Hector
Maclaine ?

Leave you, my lad ? When your friends all
adored you.

Was there one comrade refused you his
life ?

War is full dear ; but we could not afford you,
You who rejoiced in the drum and the fife.

Ours is the loss, but to fame is the gain :
Why did they kill you, young Hector
Maclaine ?

Kill'd you a prisoner ! Left there, and lonely,
Waiting in hope for the grasp of our hand,
Straining your ears for our cheering, and only
Living to leap at the lilt of your band !

Curse on the murderers ! Children of
Cain,
Those who betrayed you, our Hector
Maclaine !

How our hearts beat when we thought we
could save you !

We were so cheery, and you, boy, so far.
Unfurl the colours ! We thought they could
wave you

Hope from the lads to the far Candahar !

Strike up the pipes ; for we'll at him
again :

Roberts is marching to Hector Mac-
laine !

Merciless fate ! When the Highlanders
started,

Firm in their purpose to rescue a friend,
Out from the ambush the enemy darted,
Called the last roll, stabb'd,—and that was
the end ;

Just as we breasted the hill from the
plain,

Dead, like a soldier, was Hector
Maclaine !

Dead ? Why, of course, he met death like
a hero,

Baring his breast whilst the prisoners fled.
He was the victim, his gaoler the Nero,
Piling *his* body on heaps of the dead.

Still, ere you fell, and were mixed with
the slain,
Scotland was true to you—Hector
Maclaine !



IN SIGHT OF HOME.

THE mistletoe hangs near the sea-kissed sails,
and the waves as they follow us, fleck'd
with foam,
Are bearing a vessel from sea to shore, and
a dozen brave hearts to their Christmas
home.
Storms and sorrows are left behind with the
roar and rock of the endless tide,
That speeds the son to his mother's arms, and
the sailor's heart to his destined bride.
There's an answer true to the midnight prayer,
and a prospect bright for the daylight
hope :
Give it her, boys ! for the wind is true ! clear
the deck and get ready the rope !
Do you see that speck of an island there, the
old white cliffs, and the flag that's free,
Fluttered and fretted by favouring breeze that
signals home to the ships at sea ?

Fortune and fate, we have followed them both
in the hammock below and before the
mast,

But it's over now, the journey's done, and the
weary mariner's home at last !

What shall we find when we reach the shore,
with Christmas hearts and the bells in
tune ?

Will love be true as December frost, or fickle
and fall like the rose in June ?

Will hands be warm as our beating hearts, or
home strike cold as the changing wave ;

Shall we sing, my lads, when the door is
closed, or seek in sorrow a new-made
grave ?

Will the wife be the same as we saw her last,
kissing her hand as the sun went down,

When the vessel was lost in a haze of mist,
and the lights grew less of the dear
old town ?

We have been away to the far-off lands—the
burning tropics, the blinding snows—

And they have been snug and secure at home,
praying, forgetting—well, goodness knows !

A minute more, and the doubt's at rest of
lover and father, of false and free ;

Steer hard, my lads, for the harbour-bar that
separates home from the ships at sea !

It doesn't look well to be down in luck, when
the Christmas bells in the frosty air
Are filling the world with a sound goodwill,
and freeing the heart from a blank
despair.

But I recall such a morn as this, when we'd
hung the mistletoe made for love,
Secure in the topmost spars, up there, and the
fluttering ensign waved above.

We had sailed to port on a Christmas morn,
to greet the woman that each loved best ;
They filled my arms with a baby boy and
said my mother had gone to rest,
And down to the vessel they raced—but one,
she sank with a wail on her bended knee,
For we told the lass, as our tears ran down,
we had buried our mate in the sad, salt
sea.

There are sorrows and smiles in a sailor's life,
there are husbands lost and children born
To those who watch, and to those who wait,
when the ship sails home on a Christmas
morn !

.

But cheer, my lads, as we shorten sail ; put
the little one quick in my arms to take
A mistletoe kiss from the lips of land, and
give us some luck for the sailor's sake.

The dripping garments of sailors saved were
the votive gifts in the days of Rome ;
Let ours be hope, and a sailor's prayer, when
Christmas comes with a sight of home !



"DE MORTUIS."

AN APPEAL FOR A CRIMEAN CEMETERY.

["' Bury me with the men' were the last words of one
of the purest spirits ever known among British
soldiers."—*Daily Paper*.]

I.

SIDE by side to the battle we strode,
Facing our death like men !
Waving his sword the old Colonel rode
Straight to the tiger's den.
Whispered words in a bated breath,
Troubled the ranks that morn ;
Where shall we lie ? if the " Sergeant Death "
Summons a hope forlorn ?
We saw the plume of the Colonel wave,
And heard him muttering then,
" Put *me* to rest in a soldier's grave,
Bury me *there* with the men ! "

II.

"I have a mother whose heart will break ;
Dear Home," the Ensign said :
He checked his sob for the regiment's sake,
But I saw his lips had bled ;
"Among the grasses I'd like to die,
I've played there half my life !
Bear me to *her*—on her breast to die,
Take me to children—wife !"
But still we followed the Colonel's crest,
Who still kept muttering then,
"A soldier's grave is a place for rest,
Bury me deep with the men !"

III.

"Colonel, speak ! is it cross or stone
Will mark where the regiment bled ?
Better it were to be left alone,
Forgotten with England's dead.
Sad it were to be hidden away
Where never a tear will fall ;
How many here, at the close of day,
Will answer the bugle's call ?"
We cheered the voice of our Colonel brave,
Who answered pluckily then :
"Old England's trust is the soldier's grave.
Bury me *here* with the men !"



THE ANGELS' VISIT.

AN ALLEGORY IN VERSE.

I WAS alone ! The City sad with sleep,
Where tears are sown that time alone can
reap.

Distance before, behind the darkened street,
The empty pavement echoed to my feet,
And mist-crown'd spires of churches to the sky
Pointed from earth to heaven reproachfully !

I passed a darkened home—I held my breath,
Feeling the presence and the chill of death—
There, taper-lighted, in a chamber lay,
Cover'd with flow'rs, a cold face cut in clay !
One woman o'er his features bent to scan
The marble relic of what once was man !
The lily scent revived remembered years,
Each flower's chalice held the dew of tears ;
Each kiss on that dear forehead, calm and
white,

Shut out the world, revealed the infinite !
"If he would only whisper now," she said,
"What are the buried secrets of the dead ?
If he could only wake just once to know
The bitter truth that I have loved him so !
This one lone soul I would have died to save
I cannot rescue from to-morrow's grave."

Love is a bridge, pass on, but do not stay ;
Love is an hour, the minutes count, but pray.
Life has divided you, oh ! pause and see
The endless rapture of eternity.
He waits for you in that eternal glow
That some can picture, none can ever know.
The love desired on earth is sometimes given
To those who pray, and meet again in heaven."

The second angel soothed the outcast's sighs,
Kissing the tear-drops from her weary eyes :
"You loved much ! There is no punishment,
For such as make confession and repent.
Come, with your tears to wash the bruised
feet,

Broken with stones of the unlovely street.
Lean on the sacred heart, its pity see ;
'Depart in peace, thy faith hath saved thee.'
When did the sinner cry in vain ? Ah,
when ?

The purest saint is perfect Magdalen."
The third sweet angel on the infant smiled,
And soothed with sleep the suffering little
child,
And the sweet sisters watching by the bed
Knew morn had come and agony had fled.

The sleeping city woke to life anew,
As back to heaven three guardian angels flew ;

And three poor tortured creatures felt release,
Chastened by comfort of a promised peace.
Winging their rosy way to realms above,
The angels pointed to Eternal Love.

THE WOMAN AND THE LAW.

[A True Story told before Mr. Justice Hawkins at the recent Liverpool Assizes.—Vide *Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 8, 1887.]

IN the criminal dock stood a woman alone,
To be judged for her crime, her one fault to
repair,
And the man who gave evidence sat like a
stone,
With a look of contempt for the woman's
despair!
For the man was a husband, who'd ruined a
life,
And broken a heart he had found without
flaw;
He demanded the punishment due from the
wife
Who was only a Woman! whilst his was
the Law!

A terrible silence then reigned in the Court,
And the eyes of humanity turned to the
dock,
Her head was bent down, and her sobbing
came short,
And the gaoler stood ready, with hand on
the lock
Of the gate of despair, that would open no
more
When this wreckage of beauty was hurried
away !
“ Let me speak,” moaned the woman, “ my
Lord, I implore ! ”
“ Yes, speak,” said the Judge ; “ I will hear
what you say ! ”
“ I was only a girl when he stole me away
From the home and the mother who loved
me too well ;
But the shame, and the pain, I have borne
since that day,
Not a pitying soul who now listens can tell !
There was never a promise he made but he
broke ;
The bruises he gave I have covered with
shame ;
Not a tear, not a pray’r, but he scorned as a
joke !
He cursed at my children, and sneered at
my fame !

“The money I’d slav’d for and hoarded, he’d
rob ;

I have borne his reproaches when maddened
with drink :

For a man there is pleasure, for woman a sob ;
It is he who may slander, but she who must
think.

But at last came the day when the Law gave
release,

Just a moment of respite from merciless
fate,

For they took him to prison, and purchased
me peace,

Till I welcomed him home like a wife—at
the gate !

“Was it wrong in repentance of Man to
believe ?

It is hard to forget, it is right to forgive !

But he struck me again, and he left me to
grieve

For the love I had lost, for the life I must
live !

So I silently stole from the depths of despair,
And slunk from dark destiny’s chastening
rod,

And I crept to the light, and the life, and the
air,

From the town of the man to the country
of God !

" 'Twas in solitude then that there came to
my soul

The halo of comfort that sympathy casts—
He was strong, he was brave, and, though
centuries roll,

I shall love that one man whilst eternity
lasts !

Oh, my Lord, I was weak, I was wrong, I was
poor !

I had suffered so much through my journey
of life.

Hear ! the worst of the crime that is laid at
my door—

I said I was widow, when really a wife.

— " Here I stand to be judg'd, in the sight of
the man

Who from purity took a frail woman
away.

Let him look in my face, if he dare, if he
can !

Let him stand up on oath to deny what I
say !

'Tis a story that many a wife can repeat,

From the day that the old curse of Eden
began ;

In the dread name of Justice, look down from
your seat,

Come ! sentence the Woman, and shelter
the Man ! "

A silence more terrible reigned than before,
For the lip of the coward was cruelly
curled ;
But the hand of the gaoler slipped down from
the door
Made to shut this sad wanderer out from
the world !
Said the Judge, " My poor woman, now listen
to me !
Not one hour you shall stray from huma-
nity's heart !
When thirty swift minutes have sped you are
free !
In the name of the Law—which is Mercy—
depart ! "



VANITY FAIR.

[Extract from a woman's letter from abroad :—

" Alas ! the sarcasm of it all ! I am not sure
that I have many months of life ! But if I have ?
What then ? *Dieu sait !* I can never work again !
Shall I not then pray for Death as I now pray for
Life ? *Encore ! qui sait ?* It is very sad to be
taken when one is in the very flower of possibilities,
at the desirable time when ambition may justly
look for gratification. If I could tell you of this
hourly contemplation of what I most loathe and
dread ! There are times when I could shriek out

in rebellion against my sentence. I could fight anything but this inexorable malady. And I love life! and am so young in heart and mind. I cannot measure myself by years, I feel, or rather, felt, so young. God bless you! dear friend!"

LET me kiss it a moment, then put it away,
this sad little letter that travelled to me
From a beautiful woman of days that are gone,
who is dying in solitude over the sea!
Just read it, you women! and read it, you
men! who have beauty to barter, and
money to spend;
It was wrung from a heart that is torn with
despair, 'tis a letter of sympathy sent
to a friend.
As I think of the past there's a sigh on the
breeze, as I try to forget there's a wail
in the air,
For the darkness it closes around as we move,
and a Valley of Shadows is Vanity Fair!
Ah, the days were so sunny, the sky was so
blue, and the apples so readily fell to
the hand
Of the beautiful women who once were so
pure, as they wandered like Eve in
Bohemia's Land!
There was something so tender and true in
the voice, of the Serpent who glided
and bask'd under leaves

Concealing the fruit that a minute destroys,
and a lifetime of misery never retrieves !
There were kisses in plenty, and jewels galore,
and deep-scented flowers to twine in the
hair
Of the woman, who drank up her joy at a
draught, and galloped on Pleasure thro'
Vanity Fair !

And now it is ended, the apples are gone, and
the Serpent in solitude grins on the tree ;
But the dear voice of Love, that was all in the
world, is as sad as the desolate moan
of the sea !
So the women are silently praying for Death,
who never prayed once in their beautiful
life ;
For the dull pain of dying, it whitens the face,
as the past to the heart cuts its way, like
a knife.
Ah ! the sigh of regret that sinks into the
soul, and the wail of remembrance that
sobs on the air !
For the curtain falls slowly, the play's at
an end, and the lights are extinguished
in Vanity Fair !

"WILL FRANK BUCHANAN WRITE?"

A Drama in Three Acts.

PROLOGUE.

[Extract from a letter received on 2nd October 1885
from a sympathetic friend :—

"I clip the death at foot of this page from this week's
Stage. Is it not a condensed three-volume romance?
Do not think it a liberty, but I feel sure this will afford
you an idea for another poem."

DEATHS.

On the 18th instant, at — Street, Leicester, Reginald
Frank, the only beloved child of Laura Buchanan ; aged
two years and seven months. *Will Frank Buchanan
write ?*

(This advertisement is a true one save for the
substituted names.—C. S.)

ACT I.

A MAIDEN, blest with loving eyes,
And soul concealed from sin ;
A man who boldly dares and dies,
Weak womankind to win.
A girl, heartsick of dreary days,
Whose thoughts to distance swim ;

He, with her fair hair idly plays,
She, blindly worships him.

They met, as other lovers meet,
Beneath life's Calvary !
He would fling flowers at her feet,
Without him she would die.
No terror creeps to him, alas !
On her no shadows fall.
A gayer sunlight gilds the grass,
When Love is Lord of all.

He thought of her, as something dear
To cherish and possess,
Her sigh was music in his ear,
His triumph—her caress !
Well ! he was lord if she were weak,
He failed where she was strong ;
Men are but madmen do they seek
A Hymn from out Love's song !

She thought of him as half divine,
A monarch who had come,
Upon her lonely life to shine,
And lead her proudly home.
She paced her chamber, to and fro,
Her praying face was white,
God ! send the answer, yes or no,
Will Frank Buchanan write ?

ACT II.

A weary woman with a soul
To ruin or to save !
He was the rock where breakers roll,
She was the storm-tost wave !
The hair with which he used to play,
The lips he loved to taste,
Are nothing ! Night has followed day,
Wealth yielded all to waste.

She was a gambler at the game !
Staked honour at the throw,
Flung down her reputation ! name !
He smiled that it was so.
For him she sacrificed her all,
And, helpless to resist,
Like some poor bird, did he but call,
She settled on his wrist.

He left her broken, flung aside,
A more than ruined life,
A woman who was never bride,
But more in soul than wife !
He took her up his taste to please,
The coward dared depart
When she was praying on her knees
For his accursèd heart !

One night she faced her misery
With resolution grim ;
He dared to hope that she would die,
She bravely prayed for him :
"God ! sometimes pitiless to men,
Read my torn soul aright !
If I be patient, Lord ! oh then
Will Frank Buchanan write ?"

ACT III.

A mother with a weary face,
An infant at her breast,
Behind her—unabsolved disgrace,
Before—eternal rest !
Alone ! No, this sweet part of him
Must on her bosom lie,
And still the star-crowned cherubim
Sing of eternity !

She creeps in silence to the place
So long shut out from sight
In agony she bows her face
Before the altar light :
"Sweet Heart of Jesus ! Heart of Rest !
Pure Mary ! Mother mild !
Behold the wounds upon *my* breast ;
Hear me—but save my child !"

Is there no music in the air
To lift such prayers above,
Where reigns the best of what was fair
In Everlasting Love ?
Was there no mercy on that day
To raise that lowly head ?
She from God's altar crept away,
To find—her child was dead !

There lay the blossom that was torn
From the cold grasp of earth,
Waiting an everlasting morn
And a transcendent birth !
But the pale woman bowed her head,
Still praying ; and that night
Kissed *their* dead child, and sobbing, said,
“ *Will Frank Buchanan write ?* ”



THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

[With congratulations and compliments to the Editor
and Proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*.]

'MIDST volleying cheers from street to steeple,
They opened a palace for toiling people ;
All the flags were out, and the bands were
played,
To greet the advance of the cavalcade,

For the QUEEN and PRINCE from East to West,
Were borne wherever the crowds liked best.
The Court had its pomp, and the City its feast,
And the rich West smiled on the starving East;
The Lords and Commons, each woman and man,
Had all their own beautiful Jubilee plan;
When at last the face of the Nation smiled,
For Charity thought of the London child!

Oh! men who toil, and women who weep,
The cry of the London child strikes deep!
Do you ever reflect in the hurrying street
On their pavement games 'neath the horses' feet!

Do you ever descend from carriage or cars,
And peep just once through the prison bars
That are circled around this city of sin,
And fasten the poor little children in!
How little they share, as the world goes round,
In the green of the grass of our garden ground!

The London birds as they upward fly,
Have a larger portion of God's blue sky!

Ah! men so tender, and women so true,
These pitiful faces pierce you through!

Like spectre forms from the grave they rise,
And tempt the tears from the calmest eyes !
When sunshine softens our winter's moan,
We are off and away ! but the child alone,
Alone in the alley, alone in the court,
With their dismal day, and their sunless sport.
The music maddens them—off they steal—
The procession is passing ! so down they
 kneel,
At the feet of the crowd, where they cringe
 and creep,
And dream of a Queen in their feverish sleep ;
At Charity's call give an answering cheer,
"No child shall forget the Queen's Jubilee
 Year !"

Go tell it abroad ! let them all understand,
This message of love from the heart of the
 land ;
Let it soothe the sad pillow with vision of
 song,
That the sick child in Hospital soon may
 be strong !
Let it echo in cheers, as they rush down
 the stair,
From the school where they toil, to the light
 of the air ;
Let them dream it at night, and shout it
 at play,

That the Park of the People is theirs for
 a day !
 Then Fashion will yield, that the children
 may pass,
 To feast on the green, and to romp on the
 grass ;
 The earth will spring gladly to tramp of
 young feet,
 When the revels of old all our youngsters
 repeat !
 May the day be the brightest that ever was
 seen,
 When the cheer of our children is raised
 for their QUEEN !



THE LAY OF LAWRENCE MOOR.

A TRUE STORY.

FOUR brave men set sail from Whalsey
 In their open fishing-smack,
 Four strong fellows left the Shetlands,
 Only one at last came back.
 Hearken how the wind is howling !
 Close the curtains, shut the door,
 Whilst I tell the splendid story
 Of a sailor—Lawrence Moor.

Never yet has such a tempest
Screamed around the Shetland homes,
Dealing death and devastation
Where the northern sailor roams.
Snow and hail in blinding fury
Swept o'er forest, field and lea,
Deaf seemed Heaven to the praying
For the brave men out at sea.

Far at sea ! four plucky fellows
Bending back and straining oar,
Hidden each from each in tempest,
That had blotted out the shore.
All at once the skipper steering,
Cheering, shouting, looked ahead,
Heard a moan, his best companion
Fell in arms of duty—dead !

“For the love of home and Heaven,
Brave it out as I will do !”
Shouts above the storm the skipper,
Rallying his fainting crew ;
“Let us pray, lads, all together,
Heav'n may save us ! Who can tell !”
But the prayer was scarcely uttered
When another sailor fell !

Two brave men were left in silence,
Whispering with shortened breath ;

"Don't desert your pal," says Lawrence,

"Let us have it out with Death !

God has strength to still the waters,

We have pluck to keep afloat."

But the last man, with a murmur,

Fell exhausted in the boat.

"Andrew ? Laddie ?"—Death don't answer.

"Tom, old pal ?"—the faintest sigh.

"Left me all alone then, have ye ?

Well, I don't intend to die !"

Then he thought of home and children,

Back came mirrored waves of sin ;

One lone man, 'midst dead and dying,

Felt the water rushing in !

One hand on the oar to steer her ;

One hand free to hoist the sail,

When he called—no mate to answer,

Sinking now—no boy to bail.

Toiling hour on hour exhausted,

Captain of a ghastly bier,

Till at last the tempest lifted,

And he sighted Lerwick Pier.

Home at last ! the plucky sailor,

Home to children and to wife,

Home half dead to claim the honour

That he'd saved one brother's life.

Death defied, they found him kneeling
Humbly on his cottage floor ;
But they'll pass to time the story
Of that sailor—Lawrence Moor.



MOONLIGHT AND MURDER.

"Mr. Morley has washed his hands of the murder of Chief Constable Whelahan. Will Mr. Gladstone wash his of the murder of Mrs. Penderville?"—*Daily Telegraph*, Sept. 29, 1887.

IN a desolate cabin at foot of a hill,
Sate a man in despair, by his wife, who was
dead !
Unburied—the victim of patriots who kill ;
Unpitied—the target of law—writ in lead !
What had both of them done to be hunted
like beasts ?
To be crushed by this curse ? to be under
this ban ?
They had followed the doctrine of parsons and
priests,
And had sheltered from torture a boycotted
man.
Their sentence was settled in letters of blood.
For the fell crime of charity, swift is the
doom ;

Masked cowards surrounded the cabin of mud,
And glared like grim murderers into the
room !

When they found that the wife was in travail
and pain

With a child yet unborn, and her agony
nigh,

They blotted Humanity's page with foul stain,
And determined the wife and her burden
should die.

So they sent this poor creature to toil on the
way,

To earn the sad bread for the children at
home.

They denied her the boon of the rest of a day,
Though they knew that her hour of affliction
had come.

Just picture the scene—of religion and hate,
The crime of the “plan” and the curse of
this land ;

They told her in scorn that the “doctor was
late,”

And the women—turned monsters !—refused
her a hand.

Oh ! Daughters of Erin ! whilst centuries
rolled

You have won man's devotion—deny it who
can !

Do you like the reproach when this story is
told

How you doomed your weak sister—defender
of man?

Do you care to be taunted—oh! women, so
fair,

Fair maidens unmarried, and wives who are
wed?

How you gleefully saw a man steeped in
despair,

And denied him a coffin to bury his dead.

Who cares for your politics, party, or creed?

Home-Ruler, Home-Ruiner! What can
atone

For the wrong of this widower left in his
need,

Whilst his children were stoned for protect-
ing their own.

Can the "Island of Saints" bear to sully its
fame

With a code so infernal? so shameful a
"plan,"

Babes vainly appealing in Charity's name,

A woman unburied! a heart-broken man!

A voice will arise from that hate-stricken room,
From the grave of that woman—a terrible
cry,

Denouncing the men who encompassed her
doom,
Degrading the women who left her to die.
And religion will own neither patriot nor priest,
And politics scorn the detestable end
That hunted a husband to earth like a beast,
And murdered a woman for helping a friend !

CROSS AND CROWN.

[In memoriam, Frederick, Emperor of Germany, died
June 1888.]

WEEP not ! Weep not ! the Soldier is not
dead,
After Life's Battle he serenely sleeps !
With wreaths of laurel crown the lovely head,
Grief's harvesting love's golden sickle reaps.
Mourn not ! Mourn not ! let trumpet notes
and song
Awake the world, and lamentation drown !
The toil how brief ; the resting, oh ! how long !
He bore the Cross that he might win the
Crown !

Sigh not ! Sigh not ! You daughters of the
land
Of Love and Song ! Lift up your voices,
sing !

Rejoice, you women who have clasped his
hand ;

Be glad, you men who've looked upon a
King !

Hail ! Lord and Lover ! Emperor of men !

Sleep's purple mantle o'er his breast is
thrown.

Be this the theme for anthem, poet's pen—

He bore the Cross that he might wear the
Crown !

Ring out ! Ring out ! the stormy battle cry,
You soldiers of the nation that he led.

The fame of " Unser Fritz " shall never die,

The soldier sleeps, the comrade is not dead !

Has he not led you on to victory,

Remade your fame, re-chanted your renown !

Lift on your shields his honour shoulder high,

He won his Cross, who nobly wore his
Crown !

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! he conquered more than
Death,

For he has wrestled with the demon Pain ;

How like a Martyr has he held his breath,

Lest agony might bead his brow with stain.

" Be patient and endure," this creed of life

Buoyed up the bark with hope's storm-signal
down ;

Be comforted, dear heart, sweet widowed wife,
He bore his Cross, and he has won his
Crown !

Behold ! Behold ! you women who can mould,
Can make or mar man's destiny at will,
A Knight of Chivalry ! a Heart of Gold !
A noble mind to solace human ill.
What prize more lovely than a life like this ?
What sweeter smile to smooth away care's
frown ?
What nobler requiem ?—a good man's kiss,
Who bore a Cross of Pain, to win Sleep's
Crown !

Arise ! Arise ! Nation of Warriors !
Where is the sting of Death ? Her victory
when ?
Ours be the sympathy—the triumph yours,
For you have borne a monarch unto men !
Men must be nobler for the retrospect,
And women purer, facing a renown
That opened heaven to the world's elect,
Who bore Life's Cross that he might win
God's Crown !



LYRICS.

SOMEBODY'S PRIDE.

PLUME on his helmet, and sword to the
shoulder,

Sound the advance ! Never call the retreat !
Some are as fair, not a man can look bolder,
Reining his charger to ride down the street.

Up with the windows ! the regiment passes,
Glory will crown the old colours that droop ;
Love lights the eyes and the lips of the lasses,
Somebody nods to the Pride of the Troop.

Dust on his helmet, and sword that is broken ;
Sound the recall to the scattering men !
Victory wavers, with death for its token,
Hundreds return to us. Where are the ten ?

Lone in her chamber a maiden is weeping—
Eyes that have sparkled, with sorrow can
droop—

Dead on the battle-field heroes are sleeping ;
Somebody prays for the Pride of the Troop.

Laurel on helmet, a sword that is rusted ;
Gather the women and marshal the men !
Honour is due to the soldiers we trusted :
Cheer for the hundreds, but weep for the
ten !

Out from the crowd a young maiden is lifted,
Lifted on shoulders that gallantly stoop ;
Tears are forgotten, and sorrow has drifted ;
Somebody welcomes the Pride of the Troop !



THE SOLDIERS OF THE GUARD.

WAKE, England, from your sleeping ! For
Queen and country wake !
Your countrymen are weeping ; your honour is
at stake ;
Hark to the roar and rattle, that echo far
away :
Gird up your loins for battle, or stay at home
and pray.

Speed, England, they are crying for help from
Motherland ;
Avenge the dead and dying left on the desert
sand ;
Rush to the front and brave it ! Pluck out the
foeman's sting !



Unfurl the flag and wave it, that Englishmen
may sing.

Shout, England, and above it ring the betrayer's
knell,

Find out the spot, and love it, where gallant
Gordon fell ;

March, for the bands are playing, leave to the
lov'd a tear.

Farewell, the anchor's weighing, but let the
people cheer.

CHORUS.

For the men who are marching to the front,

For the women who are weeping and bereft,

For the boys who brave the battle and the
brunt,

For the broken-hearted girls that they have
left ;

For the honour and the valour, tho' the duty
may be hard,

For the glory of the Soldiers of the Guard.



GORDON'S GRAVE.

SHOULDER to shoulder, we'll find him together,
Find where our hero is sleeping alone !

Far from his land of the mountain and heather,
Left on the sand, for his pillow a stone ;

Pleading for aid, not a soul to protect him—
How our ears ring with his spirited cry !
Was it like England he loved to neglect him ?
Fighting for life and yet daring to die !

Sound the alarm ! We will know where they
laid him,
Search till we find the red spot where he
fell.

Death to the cowards who basely betrayed
him !

Left by the country he loved—but too well.
How did he die ? Like a soldier, God bless
him !

Sent out by England, her honour to save.
Let not our cry in his death-sleep distress
him,
Ours be the glory to stand at his grave !

Hark to that shout ! on the wings of the
morning

Borne from the uttermost ends of the world !
Help comes from children, who, cowardice
scorning,

Rush to our aid with their banners unfurled.
“Lift up your head ! my disconsolate mother !
England has need of the strength of her
sons,

Let us fall in to discover our brother,
Let us all stand, as of old, to our guns !”

Is there a page in our insular story
Fuller of heart, or of vigour, than this?
England, downhearted, re-leaps to her glory
Cheered by her children—refreshed by their
kiss!
False though the foe be, and foul though the
weather,
Love lights a beacon of hope on the land!
On! to the grave of our hero together,
Shoulder to shoulder, and sword within
hand.

THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.

“ Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes angulus ridet.”
—HORACE.

IN such a place to ponder,
Two hearts when looking yonder,
Might falter or grow fonder
Than other hearts have been.
But picture it, and tell me,
If any harm befell me,
What place of peace should knell me
To dreams in worlds unseen.

One night can you remember,
The last of white December,
When love relit the ember
That time was burning low ;

Once more in soul united,
The moon above us lighted
The tower where we plighted
Our faith of long ago.

Oh ! sad forgotten tower !
Thou hast the peace and power,
To tell the storms that shower
Across thy sister sea.
Look downward, and behold us :
What mysteries infold us,
Thou promised love, and told us
The present—and to be !

The present, we have felt it,
In flower time we've smelt it,
In agony we've knelt it—
Bear witness if we lie ;
Spring's primrose gives its kisses
To summer's cheek ; Earth misses
Its sun, and winter hisses
The wail—Eternity !

The future ! Hear us praying,
Here where the world seems staying,
Give love with no gainsaying,
Give hope that cannot cease !
If not, to her give pleasure,
Joy, blessings, without measure ;
For me—reserve thy treasure
Under thy grasses—Peace !

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

ONCE more across the leafless land
We hear the clash of Christmas chimes ;
The young and old stand hand in hand,
And dream the past in present times.
There is a story in the Bells
That comes in whispers through the air :
Of Love to some their music tells,
They sigh to others of despair !

Last year we flung the window wide ;
'Twas such a Christmas Eve as this ;
We bade the bells to greet the bride
And consecrate the bridegroom's kiss.
A little year ! too brief, alas !
To save the ship, or still the wave ;
To-morrow morning we shall pass
The flowers on her husband's grave !

A year ago ! you can't forget
The darkness of last Christmas night,
A little robin cold and wet
Flew dazed and hungry to the light.
Our holly wreaths unwithered still,
The glad new year had scarcely come,
We heard a shout across the hill,
Our long-lost brother had come home !

“ Good Will and Peace ! ” in leafy scroll,
We saw above the chancel dim ;
We heard the mighty organ roll
Its music for the Christmas hymn.
The sermon was of love, and all
Uprose, just blest—a Christian fold ;
Still father’s kisses never fall
On mother’s forehead as of old !

Ring on, ye Christmas bells, of peace ;
Ring on of love that never dies ;
The love that lasts though life must cease,
The life of deathless sympathies ;
Ring out the only true belief
Across the meadows and the plain,
The woods once more will smile in leaf ;
The summer flowers come again.

This is the music of the chimes
That crushes hate and kills despair ;
The gospel of the good old times
Filling with love the very air ;
Though hope lies buried, it will rise,
Though sorrow triumphs, ’twill depart ;
Love will re-light grief-wasted eyes,
And fill with joy each empty heart.

HAVE PATIENCE AND ENDURE."

me lady, die to live ; this wedding day
aps is but prolonged, have patience and endure."
—Cathedral Scene, *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Time had come : they met to part
In that lone churchyard by the sea.
He took red roses off her heart,
Her lover kissed them mournfully.
She was so sad, she dared not weep ;
He was too proud to shed one tear.
He saw him fading down the steep,
And then hope whispered in her ear :

Be comforted, though dark the night,
For life is long, but love is sure ;
'Tis darkest ere the morning light,
"Have patience and endure !"

faded years : they met no more ;
The reapers reaped, the harvest fell,
There came no tidings to the shore
If one she mourned and loved so well.
He took her empty hand
In that lone churchyard by the sea,
He looked across the cruel sand,
And then she answered dreamily :

Take comfort, though the night be sad,
For life is long, but love is sure ;

To-day is dark, to-morrow glad,
"Have patience and endure."

The end at last : a moment now
And she must yield and love repress ;
She looked upon his troubled brow,
And pitied all his faithfulness.
'Twas then, with roses in his hand,
Across the churchyard by the sea,
A happy lover came to land,
And sought a maiden joyfully.

Take comfort ! we no more can part,
The pain has past, my sorrow cured,
"I have had patience ! sweet ! my heart !"
She whispered, "I've endured !"

A LOST LETTER.

[Extract from a letter picked up on Margate Pier : "I am so sorry you are obliged to go away to-day. You do not know how much I care to be with you. You are so different to other men, so kind to me. If I had known a man like you years ago, I might have been a better woman."]

JUST read this letter, old friend of mine !
I picked it up upon Margate Pier,
In a riotous round of women and wine :
'Twas blotted and blurred with a fallen tear.

Come, think one minute of years ago,
When the chance was with us—a soul to
save.
The whim was in us to love, you know,
But the woman she fell to a fool or knave.

'Tis easy to picture the tortured heart
That faced despair and a grief like this ;
She saw her lover unloved depart,
And turned again to a hateful kiss.
“ Had I been loved by a man like you ”—
O weary woman ! O fearful fate !
'Tis a passionate cry ; but it strikes us
through,
Who sigh too soon, but who love too late.

Who was the woman ? I seem to trace
Her footprints here in Vanity Fair ;
A mother, perchance, with an earnest face ;
A wife with a glory of Titian hair ;
A soul perplexed, and a faith at stake ;
A life nigh lost—there are thousands such
Who face the world, when their heartstrings
break,
For the one kind word, and the tender
touch !

Who was the man ? What matter at all ?
'Tis man who ruins and sows the tears !

Tis men who tempt, but women who fall,
And are never absolved in the deathless
years.

The least we can do, O brothers, is this :
Whilst love is with us, and life seems down,
We can soothe the sad with a gentle kiss,
And dry the eyes that our sins may drown.

Go back, lost letter of wild despair,
I will cast you forth on the infinite sea ;
But the day glides on, and the Margate air
Is piercing sweet to the world and me.
But still I can never forget—can you?—
Her cry that nothing can soothe or cease :
“ Had I been loved by a man like you,
I had lived far better, and died in peace !”



A SONG OF A SLAVE.

I'M only a slave, sir, don't you mind,
Though I think I came of a decent race,
'Tis pleasant to hear you speak so kind
To a poor little girl with a dirty face.
The missus is lady-born, I hear,
And is proud of her dresses and tiny feet ;
She gives me five pounds ten a year ;
And when she is pleasant—her scraps of
meat.

I'm not so strong as I used to be,
Though sixteen summers are all I've seen ;
Four lodgers, and one poor wench like me,
And missus—don't tell her—is awful mean.
If I was a lady I'd like to faint,
And lie on a couch or in easy chairs ;
But I'm scrubbing for ever at filthy paint,
And dragging the scuttles up ninety stairs.

It's quickly over, the time called night :
By six I've got on my only gown,
By seven I've three good fires alight ;
The parlour's early and off to town.
At eight the drawing-room ladies ring,
I'd sooner wait on a score of men ;
And when they are eating, I've time to sing,
And a minute to rest at half-past ten.

There's a lady above—she's forced to teach—
Next door to the top-floor back, who's wild,
And when he's tipsy, she hears him screech
And say what she never should hear, poor
child.

I knew what she was from the scraps of lace
That peep from under her gown of grey ;
For one of the smiles from that angel face
I'd run to her dozens of times a day.

We haven't got winter the whole year round.
Sometimes in my kitchen I see the sun,

And it travels like gold on the dirty ground,
Till it rests on the hearth where the beetles
run,
I know that they think I can steal and pry ;
I am waiting, so young, for a workhouse
grave,
And I pray—but I haven't got time to cry,
For life is a lodging and I'm the slave.



THE VALE OF TEARS.

THERE lies a valley in dear Paradise,
Where all the loved on earth are wandering,
Stricken with sorrows and weighed down with
sighs,
Burden'd with tears that from remembrance
spring.
They may not enter where the angels wait,
Till sweet forgetfulness at last appears,
To loose their chains and open wide the gate
Leading to heaven from The Vale of
Tears !

Here bound to earth by tender links of love,
Are found the mothers we have lost awhile ;
Here are the dear dead brothers, and, above,
Serene, sweet sisters, with their saint-like
smile.

O'er-burdened here with never-ending grief,
 Are lonely husbands and remembered wives,
 Crying, "Behold us ! we have no relief,
 Till sweet oblivion our loss survives."

But, oh ! the little Children ! Hear them cry,
 So heavy-weighted and so weak withal ;
 Born of our love, so soon condemned to die,
 Fair flow'rets, crushed by every tear let
 fall.

"Sweet mothers, hear !" they're calling from
 the grass
 Of that green valley starred with many
 sighs,
 "Look up to God ! and let your children
 pass
 From Vale of Tears to Gates of Paradise !



MIZPAH.

["And Laban said : This heap is a witness between me
 and thee this day. Therefore was the name of it
 called Galeed and Mizpah ; for he said, The Lord
 watch between 'me and thee when we are absent
 one from another."—Gen. xxxi. 48, 49.]

WHEN we are parted—pray ! but do not
 weep ;
 My spirit in the air is wandering ;

Love is an hour of life ; with death comes
sleep :

The night's a dream ; the day awakening.

The Lord watch over us where'er we
stray,

One from another, be it night or day ;

Be this our covenant apart, alone,

Carve thou this sign upon Love's altar-
stone.

Mizpah !

Whilst we are waiting—hope ; but do not
grieve,

There is some sunshine on the darkest
day ;

Around Love's monument fresh garlands
weave ;

Despair not thou, my heart—but only
pray !

The Lord watch over us, 'twixt me and
thee,

When we are absent, if we parted be.

Be this our covenant, by faith alone,

Carve thou our sign upon Love's altar-
stone.

• Mizpah !

HOW WILL IT BE?

How will it be ? if parting yesterday
Just for an hour, one little hour, no more,
Shadow'd the roses on my lonely way,
Darken'd the summer on our silent shore ?
If, when the leafy lane closed from my sight
Your sea-blown hair, your hand that wav'd
farewell,
The blue-eyed day changed to a dark-brow'd
night,
The birds' sweet carol to a haunting knell,
How will it be ?
In the dim afterworld what destiny ?
What fate, what future, waits for you
and me ?
Will there be roses and the same lone
sea ?

How will it be ?

Love ! I have loved you so this summer past
As over poppi'd cliffs to sea we strolled ;
About your head the sun its glory cast,
Around your feet the harvest flung its gold.
There was no pause between the day and
night,
No shadow'd darkness chilled love's after-
noon,

Light on the dreaming sea scarce sunk from
sight,

Our path lay silvered by the silent moon.

How will it be ?

There is an afterworld more bright, they
say,

A night more silent, a more perfect day.

Look, love ! the poppies doze above the
bay,

How will it be ?

How will it be in the long years to come ?

When love is lost in shadow or in sleep ?

When steeped in silence both are nearing
home

With downcast eyes and hearts too full to
weep ?

Will it be you, or I, to watch one grave,

Sown with the seeds of sorrow all unsaid ?

• Shall you or I sit where the grasses wave,

And waste our wailing o'er the buried dead ?

How will it be ?

There is an afterworld awaiteth men,

Surpassing sweet, none know it, where or
when ;

There we may meet hereafter, love ! and
then

How will it be ?

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

[Written under a picture of H.M. the Empress of
the French taken twenty years ago.] •

TWENTY years ! how full of sorrow,
O'er this gentle head have past ;
Days so dark that no to-morrow
Brought redemption from the last.
What a change from all the glory,
All the pomp, and all the pride !
Like a Roman pair in story,
Empress by your husband's side !
Lift the curtain, see the show,
Paris, twenty years ago !

Twenty years ! Look back ! Remember
Cheers were borne upon the breeze,
With the man of dark December
Throned beneath the Tuileries !
Scorched with fire, with cannon shattered,
Stands the palace, hushed the song ;
Luxury and beauty scattered,
Swept away the giddy throng.
Such was life—an empty show,
Paris, twenty years ago !

War, with hideous devastation,
War, with cries and crimes accurst,

Scattered doom upon a nation,
Gave you peace at Chislehurst.
Not for long ; since Death, the traitor,
Laid your love and husband low !
Death, the coward, waiting later
To inflict a fiercer blow !
Patiently you bore it, though,
Pride of twenty years ago !

Gentle lady, all must love you,
For your pain that bitter day,
When you prayed, and God above you
Took the son you loved away.
Every heart of English mother
Felt your pang of widowed grief,
Asking Time your loss to smother,
Begging prayer to send relief !
So drag on the wheels of woe,
Started twenty years ago !

Calm, impassive, royal lady,
You are with us—that is best ;
Where the trees are green and shady,
In an English home at rest.
All the bitter past is ended,
All the fever and the fret ;
Least that's said is soonest mended :
Draw the curtain, and forget
Flowers of life and sorrow's snow,
Hopes of twenty years ago !

THREE KISSES.

AN angel, with three lilies in her hand,
Came winging to the earth from Paradise ;
They changed to kisses ere she reached love's
land,
And fell upon the brow, the lips, the eyes.

First was the kiss of purity and peace—
Lonely they sat together by the fire—
To him from sorrow came a dear release,
To her the shadow of a dim desire.
Two aimless souls had ceased their wandering,
Two fettered spirits struggled to be free ;
To sweet love's garden came the blossoming,
The tender leaf unfolded on Love's tree,
The Kiss of Sanctity !

Next was the kiss of soul bound into soul—
They stood at night beneath a ruined
tower—
Dimly they heard the waves eternal roll,
Life was embodied in a single hour !
The one strong moment in a love divine,
The Present shadowing Futurity ;
No fate, no time, no terror could combine
To rob that silence of its ecstasy—
The Kiss of Unity !

Last came the kiss of dear love perfected,
Sad in the chamber of the thing called
Death!

Two tapers at the feet, two at the head,
The murmur'd prayer, the low half-sobbing
breath.

But brighter yet in distance far away,
A gathered army of the souls that live;
The golden dawn of a transcendent day,
When angels of the lilies come to give
The Kiss—Eternity!



THE CLOWN'S LAMENT.

WHAT has become of your fun and frivolity?
Where is the laughter that lifted the roof?
Gone are the highest of jinks and of jollity,
Holiday spirits are under the proof!
Where is the merriment blue devils banishing,
Sending a thrill through the heart of the
town?
Gone with old friends everlastingly vanishing—
This is the weary Lament of the Clown!

Pantomime past, can we never recover it,
See it again in its glory alive?
If under downtrodden grass we discover it,
Who will have faith in the past to revive?



Is there no magic once more to restore to us
Laughter of little ones? childhood of man?
Can it be true that sweet fancy's a bore
to us?
Who placed the fairy tales under a ban?

Ah! for the days when the curtain unclosed
to us
Regions of mystery, demon and sprite!
Who can forget how all Fairyland posed
to us,
Some in pink tarlatane, others in white!
Those were the times when the giant's voice
stormed to us
Out of a mask of Dykwynekyn renown;
Happy the hour when the fairy transformed
to us
Silly young farmer to jolly old Clown!

Then came a voice pealing out from the
gallery,
"Give us, old friend, of '*Hot Codlins*' a
taste.
'*Tippitiwitchet!*'—it's all in your salary—
Tip us a stave, you old rascal! make
haste!"
Who could be weary when slides were a-
buttering?
Days of hot poker and sausage galore!

Out, neck and crop, they'd have turned a fool
muttering,
"Don't you think Harlequinades are a
bore?"

If it be true that *mutantur* our *tempora*,
That *nos et mutamur in illis* as well,
'Twere better to call for a halter of hemp or a
Gallows to strangle the past as a sell!
Tradition lies dead, with a pall for a covering
Of satins and silks and fantastic brocade;
But over its gorgeous bier there are hovering
Ghosts of delight that new fashion has
laid!

Where is the end to this jewelled magnificence,
Gorgeous processions, and money in heaps?
Cannot a pantomime fairy's beneficence
Change it as quick as a Harlequin leaps?
Is there no hope that, remote as a star away,
The dynasty banished will rule us again?
Recalling our vanished companions from far
away,
That innocent laughter may ring through the
Lane!

One cheer for the past, when its perfume is
tost to us!
GRIMALDI and FLEXMORE, their spirits are
free;

But the soul of pure Pantomime never is lost
to us,
When merry TOM MATTHEWS lives down
by the sea !
So in bumpers of port that is nutty and nourish-
ing,
Let us toast to their names and their death-
less renown,
And in days when the last of the PAYNES is
still flourishing,
Let us claim a reprieve for the Jolly Old
Clown !

*A WOMAN'S SONG.*

I.

SHE took her Song to Beauty's side,
Where riches are, and pomp, and pride,
Among the world, amidst the crowd,
She found out hearts by sorrow bow'd ;
There midst a dream of lights and dress,
She saw the pain of loneliness !
Her voice's magic held a tear,
She made the weary ones draw near,
And all the Passions of the throng
Were melted into Peace by Song !

II.

She took her Song along the Street,
And hushed the beat of passing feet ;
So tired toilers stopped to fill
Their hearts with music at her will !
She sang of Rest to weary feet,
Of sea-moan, and of meadow-sweet !
Her voice's pleading stilled the stir,
And little children wept with her !
So all their hate, and grief, and pain,
She softened into Love again !

III.

She took her Song to those who rest
Safe in the clasp of Nature's breast !
Amidst the graves, along the shore
Washed with salt tears of nevermore !
And then she sang, "How long ! how
long !
Before we hear that perfect song,
That angel-hymn, that mystic strain,
When those who loved, shall love again ;
When Life's long trouble shall be blest
With Music of Eternal Rest !"

LAST NIGHT.

LAST night you came and woke me from a
sleep

Of dead delights, old loves, and passions
past.

I was alone, climbing a toilsome steep

Broken with stones, with shadows over-
cast ;

The sun had sunk, there was no more
to do ;

This was my dream, how did it seem to
you

Last night ?

Last night I looked into your loving eyes,
Half closed with dew like roses in the
morn ;

I took your fingers then, and no surprise
Played in their touch, for love was yet
unborn.

And thus we stood, light breaking through
the blue ;

I could not wait, did it seem wrong to
you

Last night ?

Last night we crossed the bridge that stems
the stream

Dividing desert waste from flower land ;
We looked no longer back, but as in dream
Strayed on into love's garden, hand in hand.
We could not speak, delight hid half the
view,
Then came the kiss ; love, was it sweet
to you

Last night ?

Last night I found the lady of my dreams,
One who has haunted me these weary
years ;
I know her not, and still again she seems
To stand between a life of toil and tears.
How will it end ? I cannot tell, can
you ?
Kiss me again, just as you used to do
Last night !



A PROMISE OF MAY.

Promittas facito : quid enim promittere lædit !
Pollicitis dives quilibet esse potest.

OH ! promise me, that some day, you and I
May take our love together to some sky
Where we can be alone, and faith renew,
And find the hollow where those flowers
grew—

Those first sweet violets of early spring
That come in whispers, thrill us both, and
sing

Of love unspeakable that is to be.

Oh ! promise me !

Oh ! promise me that you will wait to taste
Love's sweetest essence, till we pass this
waste

Of weary wandering, and reach that shore
Silent with triumph of our evermore,
Blue with our endless hope, and kiss'd by
waves

Of perfect pleasure, far from gloom and
graves

Of buried sorrows ! Love ! this ecstasy

Oh ! promise me !

Oh ! promise me ! that you will take me then—
The most unworthy of all living men—
And make me sit beside you, in your eyes
Seeing the vision of our paradise,
Hearing God's message, whilst the organ rolls
Its mighty music to our very souls—

No love less perfect than such life with thee,

Oh ! promise me !

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

A DREAM.

LAST night I waken'd in a strange sad place,
Shadowed in gloom and dreamy mystery ;
One stood before me with accusing face,
Bearing a scroll inscribed with my life's
history.

I cried, "Where am I?" Murmurs
answerèd—

"Dost thou not know, poor mortal?
Thou art dead!"

"I am not dead!—not yet! It cannot be!

But yesterday, in summer's idle weather,
She rested on my heart and clung to me :

If this be so, why are we not together?"

But still there came those murmurings
that said—

"She is not here—'tis finished! Thou
art dead!"

"I have not spoken my farewell!" I cried :

"I have but kiss'd her lips caressingly.
She promised to be with me when I died,
To pray for this poor soul of mine dis-
tressingly."



A waving hand was passed above my
head :

“Rest thou in peace!—be patient!
Thou art dead!”

“There is no peace,” I moaned, “for I adore!
Dost thou not see my bitter tears are
falling?

What is the use of life for evermore,
When her sad voice upon my soul is
calling?

When did I die? tell me” I murmured.
“What matters it?” they answered:
“thou art dead!”

“But yesternight we sat beside the lake,
And whispered there of our sweet love’s
futuraity—

Our life to come! And then she bade me
take

From off her lips kisses for my security.
We were as lovers, longing to be wed!”
“All that is over, mortal: thou art
dead!”

Far off I see her, in the land I’ve left,
Her sorrow shed from eyelids streamingly;
A maiden widow of her love bereft;
And I can only hear her anguish dream-
ingly:

“Have patience, and endure. Be comforted,
She shall be thine hereafter ! Thou
art dead !”

BOHEMIA'S LAND.

WHICH is the way from the crowded city,
To a land of shadow and silent peace,
Where women can love, and men can pity,
And tears from sorrowing eyes may cease ?
For the toiling town is harsh and hollow,
And hate points eastward, envy west ;
Though many may fall, yet some will follow
To a home of dreams and the haven
rest.
For the love of heaven, stretch forth
your hand ;
And point the way to Bohemia's land.

Where are the fields and their emerald cover,
The wayside flowers and travelling cart,
The new-found love and the long-tried lover ?
They are better by far than our feverish
art.
We are sick unto death of jealousy's fetter,
The secret dagger, the ceaseless strife ;

There's triumph in fame, but freedom's better ;
So give us a taste of a wandering life.
The senses sicken as Fancy's hand
Paints endless love in Bohemia's land.

Bohemia's ways are strewn with flowers,
Her children free from the revel of wine ;
Her dust is slaked by the sweetened showers,
'Neath covering trees they toast and dine.
When care creeps close, why away they
wander

To seek whatever the mind loves best ;
For hope endures when the heart sees yonder
A purer life and a surer rest.
How many despise, but how few with-
stand,
The ceaseless joys of Bohemia's land.

To the fields away ! for Nature presses
On toiling foreheads a balmy kiss ;
There's nothing so sweet as her wild caresses,
No love more full to the lips than this.
God grant, my brothers, when all is over,
And holiday hours cut short by fate,
That the sense of flowers and scent of clover
May soften sorrow and silence hate.
Old Time soon measures the fatal sand,
And the curtain falls on Bohemia's land.

MY DARLINGS THREE.

WHAT shall I bring thee from that distant
land

Where I shall wander, far across the sea ?
Here as we sit together, hand in hand,
Three gifts I promise for my darlings
three !

"Bring me a horse !" shouted the bonny
boy,
A wild light sparkled in his eyes of blue ;
"Bring me a horse, my father, it were joy
To ride for ever, and to follow you !"

"Bring me a rose, to plant beside the lake,"
So sighed the little daughter in mine ear ;
"One flower to cherish for my father's sake,
To water, when he's absent, with a tear !"

There was a silence round us after this,
The mother moved the children from my
knee ;
Then through her tears she whispered, with a
kiss,
"Bring me thy heart, my love ! come back
to me !"

DEAD MEN.

A BRINDISI ON BROKEN BOTTLES.

DEAD men all ! On a mouldy heap
Here lie forgotten the friends of man,
Their faces soiled ! Ah ! the earwigs creep
Down into the mouth where the red blood
ran.

Good friends of ours, in the days gone by,
We'd have scorned to be kicking your corpses
then ;

But now you're thrown in the dirt to lie,
And we're in search of as noble men.

Pile them up where they rest so cold,
Flung out at the end of the garden dark,
But cover their kingly necks of gold,
And deeply bury the regal mark.
Is this a funeral fit for those

Whose eloquent voices made us love ?
No matter how deep of grave, the rose
It smelt, the pitiless earth above !

Here's one whose neck has a silver streak,
And just a scrap of a wiry chain ;
He binds us fast to a splendid week,
When enemies old were friends again.

Deep, deep, we drank of his heart's best
blood ;
He made us smile as we clasped dear
hands ;
He turned a beautiful stream from mud,
And anger vanished at his commands.

Sir Sable Face ! are you slaughtered too ?
You carry me back to the winter time,
When snow was clinging about the yew,
And sharp came ringing the Christmas
chime ;
When firelight played upon curtains red ;
When we were snug, though the world was
sad,
It matters but little of things we said,
This fine old fellow ! he made us glad.

And here, sweet wife, is the best of all !—
What gift of thanks can a husband make ?
When Death had struck and I saw you fall,
He spilt his blood for your darling sake.
And here's another, whose neck we broke
When a vessel touched at the harbour-
head ;
When the sleeping joy of a life awoke,
For the boy was back we had dreamed was
dead.

Dead men all ! let me leave them thus
On the cold clay ground where our best
friends sleep,
For friends may never come back to us,
And dearest memories make us weep.
I'll think of these and the dear old time,
Those happiest hours which friendship
gave,
Until once more I repeat my rhyme,
And stand again at an open grave.

BRIGHTON PIER.

WHICH is the merriest place to love,
Whether it be for a day or year ;
Where can we slip, like a cast-off glove,
The care that hovers our world above ?
Come and be taught upon Brighton Pier !

Wandering waves on the shingle dash,
The sky's too blue for a thoughtless tear ;
Danger is nothing but pessimist trash,
And the morning's made for a healthy
splash :
Come for a header from Brighton Pier !

Filled with life, see the children race,
Motherly hearts they quake with fear,

Meeting the breezes face to face !
Whether we're steady or "go the pace,"
Let us be young upon Brighton Pier !

Here she comes with her love-lit eyes,
Hearts will throb when a darling's near ;
Would it be well to avoid her—wise ?
Every fool in the wide world tries,
But love must win upon Brighton Pier !

Lazily lost in a dream we sit—
Maidens' eyes are a waveless mere—
There's many a vow when seagulls flit,
And many a sigh when lamps are lit,
And many a kiss upon Brighton Pier.

Dear old friends of the days long fled,
Why did you vanish and leave me here ?
Girls are marrying, boys are wed,
Youth is living, but I seem dead,
Kicking my heels upon Brighton Pier !



HER FIRST BOUQUET.

SWEET little maid with the baby lisp,
List to a sage with his hair turned grey ;
Life with you has been short and crisp,
Come on my knee, you will o'-the wisp ;
Tell me the tale of your first bouquet.

What is the story the rosebud tells,
Hid in the heart of a violet crown ?
Is it ambition that blooms and swells ?
Triumph, perhaps, with its peals and knells ?
Is it the art of this tinsel town ?

Come, let me look at your sweet-set face,
Mirrored by time in a distant day ;
How is it possible here to trace
The maiden trial and ended race
That brings its prize in your bride's
bouquet ?

Flowers will fall at your feet, maybe,
When tawdry theatres ring with cheers ;
But half concealed by the leaves I see
A letter of love like a burdened bee.
Will it bring honey, my child, or tears ?

Life will lead you the merriest dance
Sorrow to sun and grave to gay,
Serious fate or the merest chance
May follow with love or a light romance
That whirls you off with your ball-bouquet !

Daisies gathered and daisies torn,
" Loves he well ? or is love forgot ? "
Dew-kissed buds on a sweet May morn,
Crimson blooms on the rose-bush born,
Lilies entwined with forget-me-not,

These are the flowers of life ! but list
This Christmas-time to a sage turned
grey :
Love and memories fade in mist,
Lips grow chilly by Winter kissed,
Death will give us the last bouquet !



TO GLADYS.

[The name of "Gladys" in Welsh means, "The Lady
of the Land."]

DENY me not my heritage
To share thy land alone with thee !
Love's book lies open, turn the page
Inscribed with my heart's history !
Life follows us, my gentle one,
And time pursuing, hunts us down ;
We both have dreamed, but nothing's done.
The cross was heavy—where's the crown ?
Thy touch is tender, take my hand,
So lead me—Lady of the Land !

I have so little I can give,
My lady's palace to endow :
I dream—and that is how I live ;
I love—and I will tell thee how !



My senses in thy presence swim,
And satisfaction seems like pain :
Bear with me, for my eyes are dim
With watching thee for years in vain.
My life awaits thy tender hand ;
Oh, take it—Lady of the Land !



THE SONG OF THE STEAK.

[After Capt. Charles Morris. Dedicated to the Beef-
steak Club of 1880.]

COME fill me a tankard that foams to the
brim,
And let me encircle my sorrows with
smoke,
For the next one to "her" that I love it
is "him,"
If he sings a good song, and can crack
a bad joke.
Away with your cynical fellows who say
That a club is the haunt of the dissolute
rake,
When the jolliest place at the close of the
day
Is the home that we find in the heart of
the Steak !

The barrister bored with a troublesome brief,
The journalist sick of the desk and the
pen,
Can gather around, and enjoy the relief
Of acting the play of some indolent
men,
So come all you writers of novels and plays,
For a minute your fiction and fancy for-
sake,
You will never invent to the end of your days
Such scenes, or such men, as are found at
the Steak.

Here lions contentedly sup with the lambs,
And youth to the elderly folly restores,
There are some who would beat Ananias at
crams,
And plenty of latitude given to bores.
Who cares? when the night stealeth slily
to dawn,
If the merry comedian keeps us awake,
So we linger and laugh the blue devils to
scorn,
Kicking rascally Care from the doors of
the Steak.

Come show me the man who such fun could
resist,
It sparkles in summer, nor dies in the frost,



For here we can toast the sweet lips we
have kissed,
And here we must mourn the good fellows
we've lost !
Let them sneer as they will, and past ages
recall,
The pride of our fathers we'll never forsake,
For they left us this legacy dearest of all,
And the heart of good fellowship clings
to the Steak !

*THE LAKE.*

[After M. de Lamartine.]

ON, on, for evermore we seem to glide
Past new-found meadows, flower-starred and
bright ;
No hope of turning back, still, side by side,
On through the dark and everlasting night.
Can we not ever still Time's golden stream,
And on its ocean bosom idly rest ?
One day ! one hour ! May we not sweetly
dream
Here, safely anchored on its glassy breast ?

O summer lake ! to thee the fickle year
Whispers sad secrets which thou dar'st
not tell,

Mirror'd on thy fair face I linger near,
Ere she has come to bid a long farewell !
Look in mine eyes ! here where she ever
creeps
I'll sit me down upon this mossy stone ;
Here, where she sadly sighs and wildly
weeps,
Here evermore I'll sigh and weep alone.

Thus 'neath these mighty rocks your hollow
groan
Bellow'd incessantly, your hideous roar
Echoed for ever, thus your dying moan
Washed the torn splinters to the sheltering
shore.
'Twas thus the wind-storm chanting out its
song
Of desolation round her lonely seat,
Toss'd from the wavelets hurrying along
Snow-crested foam-flakes to her fairy feet.

Hast thou forgot that evening, friend of
mine ?
Lip-lock'd we wandered slowly hand in
hand ;
The waves refused to murmur, stars to shine,
An awful stillness reigned thro' all the
land ;

Silent the rocks which thy sad water laves,
No sound save rowers' voices far from
shore ;
Still, save the music of thy silver waves
Thrown tunefully from off the pulsing oar.

Then all at once a strange low stream of
sound
Fell suddenly, and soon the silence broke ;
And as its harmony was echoed round
The earth was tuned to sweetness and
awoke.
The wavelets stopped to listen and to tell.
News glad enough to make all hearts
rejoice.
Then on my anxious ears at last sweet fell
The summer accents of her golden voice.

Oh ! fly not from us, happy Time,
And leave us thus behind you ;
These are the hours for love and rhyme,
Keep fast the ties that bind you.
Come let us taste the sweets of life
Our hope you would not sever,
Our merry hearts can know no strife
When all is joy for ever !

There may be some who know distress,
And some who've supped with sorrow,

Well ! bear them off in kindness,
Return for us to-morrow.
But take with them the gnawing pain,
Life's care and raging fever,
Forget us ! well or call again,
Now all is joy for ever.

In vain I ask a moment's grace,
For rest there's no use trying,
No respite on thy wings I trace,
Old Time is always flying.
I sing, "Speed slowly, happy night,
These hours I can't deliver."
The morning puts the night to flight,
And Time speeds on for ever !

O summer lake ! old Time will pass you by ;
O speechless rocks ! why talk to you of
pain ?
O darksome caves ! you echo back no sigh ;
O gloomy forest ! you will live again.
But when at last in turn my sun has set,
And Time has winged me far away from
sight,
That hour, sweet nature, you must not forget,
Or all the rapture of that happy night.

Remember it, when nature seems to sleep,
And all around is calm and hush'd to rest,

When over thee the darkling rain clouds
 weep,
And fierce storms ruffle thy contented
 breast :
Remember it, ye plains and smiling hills,
 Ye fir-trees, which the loving breezes shake ;
Ye waving grasses, and ye tiny rills,
 Ye rocks o'ershadowing my peaceful lake.

O gentle zephyrs ! sing of it and blow
 Its golden music every day and hour ;
And every moment sigh, and whisper low
 Its sunny memories from flower to flower.
And when the heavens are silver crown'd with
 light
And shed their starry radiance on thee,
Then think of all the glory of that night,
And then, O summer lake, remember me !

*WRITTEN IN SAND.*

WHAT was I doing to dream so long
Of your pleading voice in a tender song ?
Could I not waken and understand
The touch and thrill of a searching hand ?
But so it happened ! and thus we met
I can still remember, if you forget

That night in the past, though faith has
 flown,
When you left me to think, with my heart
 alone.

What were you saying, my heart! my
 heart!

As we clung together, and dared not part?
It will beat for ever whilst life shall last,
That pulse of love from the peaceful past.
But so it happened! and thus we stood
In the moonlit hush of the lonely wood.
I shall ever remember whilst life endures,
How you told me of love, when my heart
 was yours?

Why am I thinking of life once dear,
As the days close in on the fading year?
The moon still quivers, the stars still shine,
But the heart is another's, that once was
 mine!

And so it happened! between us twain!
Man's truth is written in sand again;
But no one will know through the long dull
 years,
How you left me alone, with this pain of
 tears!

A WELCOME.

GIVE them a welcome ! three times three !

Yorkshire fashion and all together !

King and Queen in the long to be,

Lady of land and lord of heather.

This is no case of political creed,

Blues or buffs, or greens, or yellows.

Shout Princess ! she is fair indeed ;

Cheer the Prince for the best of fellows.

Up in the North we can surely sing,

Queen of women and future King.

Open the gates of your noble town,

Yorkshire women and Yorkshire men !

Fling the fruits of your labour down,

You will be loyal to nature then ;

Valley and echoing hills and wood

Send a cheer that can touch the heart,

Have they not come for the people's good,

To grant a home for our mistress—Art ?

Northern men, you can surely bless

A popular Prince and a sweet Princess !

Yorkshire boys, of the moor and course,

Follow the Prince without fear or fetter,

He is "a lad" who adores the horse,

But loves to see him at racing better ;

Ever the first in the field of fun,
Prince of sport, whether past or present,
He hunts the fox, or steadies the gun
To grass the plumes of the whirring
pheasant.
Let philosophers preach, or Radicals
wince,
There's a singular charm in a sporting
Prince !

Yorkshire girls, of the farm and field,
Who have sprung direct from a noble race,
You can honestly pray unto God to shield
This pure Princess with the peerless face ;
Factory girls, of the whirling mill,
You can drop your shawls as she passes by,
Your hearts with womanly love will fill,
And kindle faith from her kindly eye.
Mothers and maids, you can scarce do
less,
As women, than cheer this sweet Princess.

A welcome then, and a welcome true,
From Yorkshire hearts as they pass together
From clouds of smoke to skies of blue,
From the town of toil to the lane of
heather ;
Tell them, whenever they pass this way,
Though time and love at the best are
fleeting,



You'll give them then what you grant to-day,
A touch of heart in a Yorkshire greeting.
Up in the North we can always bless
A manly Prince and a fair Princess !



A DAY-DREAM !

WHEN on some golden afternoon
Of a long summer's day ;
The sun-kist roses seem to swoon,
And love takes holiday.
When in the fields I've found a nest
And dream above the deep ;
When all life's sorrow is at rest,
And pain is lulled to sleep.
Then when the silence seems to tell
Of Love, that knows no sad Farewell !
Of Life ! of Hope ! Eternity !
Then loved one ! come to me !

When in the gloam of eventide,
Across the silent sea,
The sun has kiss'd the waves, and died,
And all seems lost to me ;

When underneath the dreaming trees,
Far from the sea's sad moan,
Searching for whispers on the breeze,
I wander forth alone.
Then when the silence seems to tell
Of Love's disconsolate farewell !
Of Death ! Despair and Mystery !
Then, dearest, come to me !

When in the watches of the night,
From dreams of thee I wake ;
And linger, waiting for the light,
In pray'r, for thy sweet sake !
When truant love with dreaming grows,
You to my fancy seem
A rose enfolded in a rose,
A dream within a dream.
Then ! when the silence seems to tell
Of Love that dare not say Farewell,
Of Joy ! of Thee ! of Ecstasy !
Then, Sweetheart ! come to me !



"AMONG THE LILIES."

A RIVERSIDE REVERIE.

THREE years ago, on this same silver stream,
We floated idly on our holiday,
Do you remember love? I in my dream,
You in your old, impassioned, wilful way?
The meadows were as rich in flow'rs as now,
As full of perfume was the summer air;
The holy light of Love was on your brow,
My soul was fettered to the fiend despair.
Then as we glided through the lilies
free,
You taught a life to come, a love to be.

Three years ago! I whispered I might
long
To float with you towards a distant land,
Making our life one melody of song,
Feeling our heart-beat, sitting hand in
hand!
Somehow we parted, and the night crept
down,
Folding our scene in mantle of regret:
You to your cottage went—I to the town;
Your voice was laughter—but my eyes were
wet.

Night locked the fields, and shut each
rosy grove ;
You taught me patience, and I whispered
love !

Once more upon the river where we met,
Gliding once more, upon its silver thread
Of stream, that parts our rapture from regret,
And strangely binds the living to the
dead !
My pray'r is answered ! God has granted
me,
So good He is ! His best created thing.
The worthless love is dying, I can see
All that was beautiful but base—take wing !
Oh ! hold me close ! and looking in your
eyes,
Let me behold Heaven's blue of Paradise !



THE PARTING HOUR.

TO-NIGHT the dew will kiss the rose,
The song-bird shelter on the tree,
The silent stream that lonely flows
Will find its refuge in the sea !
There's not a bird, a leaf, a flow'r
Alone to-night will sink to sleep.

Only for us the Parting Hour ;
Your eyes and mine alone will weep !
Was ever weary hour like this ?
Heart !—O my heart !
And must we part—
How can we part like this ?

To-night the rose will fold the dew,
Distilled upon her scented breast ;
The lost ones, sleeping 'neath the yew,
They are at peace—they are at rest !
There's not one soul in pain, or heart
To-night that may not dream—and yet
We two alone must part—must part—
We two must wander and forget,
Without a whisper or a kiss,
My heart ! My heart !
How can we part—
How can we part like this ?



THE HOLY LIGHT.

A SONG.

ACROSS the meadows, grey with mist,
The toiler plods his weary way,
To where the children sleep unkissed,
To where the mother kneels to pray !

Far off a guiding star he sees,
A Lamp of Love that bids him come,
For through the gloom of darkened trees
Shines out the Holy Light of Home !

The Light of Home ! The Holy Light !
That shines afar, that guards the nest :
The Light that cheers the darkest night,
The Light that leads us all to rest !

Amidst the breakers, white with foam,
The sailor sights the land ahead ;
He longs to greet old friends at home,
And breathes a pray'r for comrades dead.
Far off ! a faithful Light appears,
Hope's sentinel, that steadfast gleams ;
He sees through blinding mist of tears
A home at last—an end of dreams !

The Light at Sea ! The Holy Light !
That gleams afar to all who roam ;
The light that cheers the sailor's sight,
The light that leads us all to Home.

Along the chancel, hush'd in pray'r,
And worn with penitential feet,
The woman's sob, the man's despair,
Arise in clouds of incense sweet !

Far off beside the Virgin's shrine,
The lowly suppliants above,
Of Life beyond, the perfect sign,
Hangs out the Holy Light of Love !

The Light of Hope ! The Holy Light !
That shows the path meek martyrs trod ;
The Light that guides our souls aright,
The Light that leads us all to God !



"OUR EMPRESS QUEEN."

A JUBILEE SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY HENRY RUSSELL,

Author of " Cheer, Boys, Cheer ! "

VICTORIA ! Queen of a nation
That governs the heart of the world !
Thy Empire of love is the station
Where Liberty's flag is unfurled.
What son would not die to defend thee,
Who ruleth our loves and our lives ?
The heart of our manhood we send thee ;
The blessing of mothers and wives.

Victoria ! Hark to our singing,
Awake to our Jubilee Song !

At the foot of thy throne we are flinging
The hearts that hath lov'd thee so long.
The children of Time that surround thee,
The cup of thy joy shall refill ;
A maid in thy beauty we found thee,
As Mother we honour thee still !

Victoria ! Name that a nation
Has written in letters of gold,
Look down from the pride of thy station,
The wealth thou hast garner'd behold !
It is rarer than jewels or treasure,
It is pure as the starlight above,
It is richer than gold without measure,
The hearts of a people who love !

CHORUS.

Victoria ! Star of our story !
Thou light of the days that have been !
We cheer for thy reign and its glory,
We pray for our Country and Queen !



MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE.

ON a river that lazily creeps to the tide—
 'Twas the silvery Thames, if you're willing
 to know—
 Where it's pleasant to steer with a girl by your
 side,
 As the clever ones pull, or the lazy ones
 tow ;
 Her eyes were a dream of forget-me-not blue,
 The coxswain elect of our wherry the
Midge.
 "Easy all!" cried a merry young voice to the
 crew,
 "We must hear the old echo of Maidenhead
 Bridge."

Ha! ha! ha! ha! a dozen times
 It gives them back their fun and
 rhymes.

From coxswain to crew, from maiden to
Midge,
 A laugh was the echo of Maidenhead
 Bridge!

In a shower that gloomily swept through the
 arch,
 A rower in silence moved down with the
 stream,

There were tears on the willow and sighs from
the larch,
And the bells of the flowers were closed in
a dream.
His thoughts travelled back to the merry
young crew,
As it floated one summer, long past, in the
Midge,
When men seemed so faithful, and women so
true,
So he tried the old echo of Maidenhead
Bridge.

Alas ! alas ! a dozen times
It gave him back his mournful rhymes.

From flower to field : from river to ridge,
A sigh was the echo of Maidenhead Bridge !

On a morning that carolled the birth of the
Spring,
A rower went up from the village of Bray ;
And he heard in the distance a pretty voice sing
From a boat that was steering the opposite
way.
He had longed to remember, and she to forget,
How their eyes met in love in the merry old
Midge ;
Together they stopped but a minute—and yet
They tried the old echo of Maidenhead
Bridge.

A kiss ! a kiss ! old loves, and rhymes,
It brought them back forgotten times.

From Winter to Spring ; from river to
ridge,
A kiss was the echo of Maidenhead Bridge!



VOICES.

A POEM SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

BENEATH the shade of a chancel old,
'Midst ruin of rose, and daisies fair,
I stood alone, in the sunset gold,
And listened for voices there.
A whisper fell from the ivy's nest,
A sigh came over the distant sea,
But the only presence I felt was rest,
And the pulse of memory !

Voices ! torn from the tideless sea,
Voices ! borne from the golden shore,
Voices ! sweet, that are lost to me,
Not lost but gone before !

A wandering sunbeam kissed the feet
Of a marble cross where an infant
slept,

And a garden of lilies, passing sweet,
Grew out of the tears she wept !
A bird sang out of the darkened yew,
A briar of roses kiss'd its stem—
O death in life ! if the lost ones knew !
Do they long, as we long for them ?

'Twas here they buried my heart one day ;
They shut love's door and closed the
gate ;
My summer was over, the year turned
grey
At the chill of the hand of fate !
And here in a garden of rose and yew
They'll whisper prayers and chant the
hymn,
And here will follow the faithful few,
And here I shall rest with him !



TEN YEARS AGO.

WHERE were you, love, ten years ago ?
Alone I saw a land of blue ;
Then wandered through the blossom-snow,
And dreamed a woman such as you.
So like the picture ! only turn,
Love's breezes shake the lilac tree ;

I called you then across the fern,
But there was none to answer me !
God's world was very glad, you know,
But I was sad ten years ago !

What was your life ten years ago ?
You woman with the haunting face ;
With eyes so soft and voice so low,
Who came in fancy to this place.
You touched my face, and took my hand,
And whispered of a life to be
Some day in distant flower-land,
When calling you would answer me.
What was the hope that seemed to
grow,
In dreams of you ten years ago ?

Where are we now ? Ten years ago
We were two beings but apart ;
But now, since I have loved you so,
You take me closely to your heart.
Listen one moment, ere we part
Beneath this gold laburnum tree,
Let me knock gently at your heart,
And hear if you will answer me.
Thank God that you have made me
know
The love I dreamed ten years ago !

THE GARDEN OF SLEEP.

ON the grass of the cliff, at the edge of the
steep,
God planted a garden—a garden of sleep !
'Neath the blue of the sky, in the green of
the corn,
It is there that the regal, red poppies are born!
Brief days of desire, and long dreams of
delight,
They are mine when my Poppy-Land cometh
in sight,
In music of distance, with eyes that are wet,
It is there I remember, and there I forget !
O heart of my heart ! where the poppies are
born,
I am waiting for thee, in the hush of the corn.
Sleep ! Sleep !
From the cliff to the Deep !
Sleep, my Poppy-Land,
Sleep !

In my garden of sleep, where red poppies are
spread,
I wait for the living, alone with the dead !
For a tower in ruins stands guard o'er the
deep,
At whose feet are green graves of dear women
asleep !

Did they love as I love, when they lived by
the sea ?

Did they wait as I wait for the days that may
be ?

Was it hope or fulfilling that entered each
breast,

Ere death gave release, and the poppies gave
rest ?

O life of my life ! on the cliffs by the sea,
By the graves in the grass, I am waiting for
thee !

Sleep ! Sleep !
In the dews by the Deep !
Sleep, my Poppy-Land !
Sleep !



LOVE'S ANNIVERSARY.

GOD bless you on this morning, doubly dear
By buried self and endless memories ;
Kiss from my cheek the sad, repentant tear,
Close not your heart to love that aches
with sighs.

I will be stronger still, and braver yet ;
Give me your hand ! I come ! but guide
the way :

Be merciful ! 'tis bitter to forget !
I shall have grace at last— if you but pray !

If you could only look into my life
And see my nature smoothed and put away ;
If you could only know the piercing strife
Of love with recollection, day by day !
It comes with leafy murmurs, river's peace,
It wanders back with voice of wave and shore ;
I. will look onward still—but never cease
To help me ! When I falter, pray the more.

God bless you, dearest, on your birthday morn,
That finds us still together as of old ;
Out of our lives a withered leaf is torn,
Look up, dear heart, the distance glows
with gold.
The everlasting gain is worth the loss,
Love was so sweet ! and bitter is the Rod !
One Patient Face beholds us from the
Cross,
One Mother's Voice is whispering of God !



THREE PRAYERS.

BENEATH a cross, beyond the town,
Before a shrine for sorrows made,
Three simple maidens knelt them down,
And from their hearts devoutly pray'd.

One, dreaming of created things—
The purple sea, the perfect sky,
Bright, happy birds with painted wings,
Glad buds that bloom before they die.
The waving woods—the scented air
Clung to her heart, and through her sighs
Was heard the gentle maiden's pray'r :
"O give me beauty for my prize!"

A hidden furnace seemed to glow
Within the second maiden's breast ;
She heard the stirring trumpet blow,
She saw the warrior's plume and crest.
Ambition dazzled in her eyes,
That life's reward—a deathless name ;
Then from her heart came stifled cries :
"If I may live, O give me fame."

The third fair maiden knelt apart ;
Her eyes—a heaven starr'd with tears,
Her white arms folded on her heart,
She faced a mystery of years.
A sudden rapture seemed to lift
Her very soul to heav'n above :
"Be mine," she pray'd, "this priceless gift ;
Let me be loved by one I love!"

HALF-WAY.

HAVE you forgotten where we stood
Between the lights, that night of spring,
The river rolling to the flood,
So sad the birds, they dared not sing ?
No love was ever dream'd like this,
Beneath the shadows of a park,
Between the whisper and the kiss,
Between the daylight and the dark !

There had been trouble—this was rest ;
There had been passion—this was peace ;
The sunset dying in the west
Made Nature sigh and whispers cease.
I only felt what I had found,
You only knew what I would say ;
But nothing broke the peace profound
Between the darkness and the day !

How will it end ? I cannot tell ;
I asked it many months ago,
Before the leaves of autumn fell,
And chang'd to winter's waste of snow.
Yet we stand watching at the gate
Of summer-time for promise—hark !
No, love, 'tis nothing ! we must wait
Between the daylight and the dark !

THREE DAYS.

THREE days of love, and only three,
Were ours to squander or forget :
The first we lived it by the sea,
With lips athirst and eyelids wet.
Along the sand, across the foam,
We wandered forth one sunny morn :
Dear heart ! can you forget the home
Where once our happy love was born ?

We floated next adown the stream,
And there we kissed—have you forgot ?
'Twas then we first began to dream,
And keep the blue forget-me-not.
The river whispered to the rhyme
I made that summer day for you :
Dear heart ! can you forget the time
When first our love to passion grew ?

'Twas music next that came one day
Our love and deathless time between ;
We sat and heard the organ play
In church—forgetting what had been.
Then we were silent, you and I,
The past by melody forgiven :
Sweet heart ! our love it did not die,
But went on angels' wings to Heaven !

HER BIRTHDAY.

THERE was a time when I could dare
To softly sing my lady's praise ;
But now my very soul seems bare,
When to her face my eyes I raise.
Though every nerve of fate combine
To break our spell, my strength resists ;
My faith is sure, that she is mine,
My life is this, that she exists.

How can I arrogantly sing
My earth-born lays, O lady mine,
To God's best consecrated thing,
Whose love and purity combine
To fill my heart with ecstasy
From night-fall unto dew-kissed morn,
Not in dream-worship selfishly
But thanking God that you were born !

Was this the day brief years ago,
When born in rose-time came a child,
Whose beauty made the heavens glow,
And universal nature smiled ?
Reposing in Time's arms you slept
Your beauty slumber tenderly ;
Then on your natal day God wept,
And gave His masterpiece to me !



EVER SINCE THEN.

WHERE did I meet thee? In garden of
roses,
Long ere the summer and swallows had
flown;
Watching the death of the day as it closes,
Lost in the lilies you wandered alone!
What did I tell thee? I whispered it only,
Breath'd "Oh, my darling," in silence of
night;
You were so holy, and I was so lonely—
I in the darkness, and you in the light!

Night on the mountain and light on the
fen,
Will you not call to me? come to me?
When?
How I have worshipped thee Ever Since
Then!

When did I lose thee? One night in
December!
Dazed by the darkness and lost in the
gloom!

Waiting alone I was left to remember
All the despair of that desolate room !
Where did I leave thee ? Once more in the
roses,
Kiss'd by the breezes and lull'd by the
deep ;
There I must wait whilst my darling reposes,
Guarded by angels—in garden of sleep !

Mist on the mountain and night on
the fen,
May I not call to thee ? come to thee ?
When ?
How I have pray'd for thee Ever Since
Then !



A PLEA FROM POPPY-LAND.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "A MIDSUMMER
HOLIDAY."

SING of our Poppy-land, my master, sing !
Sing of our summer fields in deathless
rhyme !
Thou hast the harp, thou hast the voice to
fling
Its tunes in triumph of recorded time !



Sing of our cliffs that overlook the sand !
Sing of our mother, the green-girdled sea !
Sing of the light that lingers on the land !
Sing of the love that was and is to be !

O Master, sing of love ! Thou hast the
heart,
For thou hast told of daytime and of death !
Thou hast shed tears for lovers that depart,
Awaiting time that saith and gainsayeth,
Sing of immortal love ! inhabiting
Our rose-girt cottage shadowed by the mill ;
Go forth into our moonlight once, and sing
Of life, of love, of God's triumphant will !



CHRISTMAS MORN.

WHEN trouble's dust from life I shake,
And rest me travel-stained and worn,
Let me but sing, as now awake,
I sing of hope for your sweet sake
This Christmas morn !

When weeping at the brink I stand
Of this year's grave, alone, forlorn,

Let me but feel your gentle hand
To guide me into Holy Land
This Christmas morn !

When on God's altar I shall see
The loving Jesus newly born,
Let me but pray on bended knee
God wills that we together be
Next Christmas morn !



CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

THE Christmas bells across the snow
Are ringing out good-will to men ;
Away the merry skaters go
Across the fields, along the fen,
God's wind of peace and love has blown
The clouds from sorrow-stricken skies ;
Yet I am sitting here alone
With my old Christmas Memories !

Cease Christmas chime ! that wildly rings
The knell of man's delayed desire !
She at the piano touch'd the strings,
Whilst I sat dreaming by the fire.

'Tis mystical when souls entwine,
When sympathetic longings blend ;
She came and placed her hand in mine,
And then she whispered, " Be my friend ! "

Who could that longing look resist !
The blue of those Madonna eyes ;
The hair—the parted lips unkist ;
The depth of all her broken sighs ?
I took her hand—nor seemed to trace
A storm on such a summer sea.
O God ! I see her haunting face,
That pleaded, " Be a friend to me ! "

One night the books were cast aside,
The poem hush'd that I had read ;
We only heard the wind outside—
The firelight touch'd her golden head.
We were alone ! none other ! none !
Have mercy on me, God above !
She weeping, said, " What have you done ?
This is not friendship ; it is love ! "

Yes ; it was love, untamed and wild
That through our hearts and pulses ran ;
The first affection of a child,
The last great passion of a man !

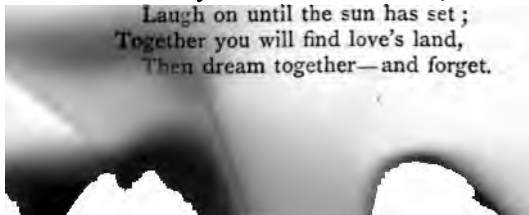
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No love like this was ever born
To touch my tears, to cloud my sight ;
She was my waking thought at morn,
She was my parting prayer at night.

Yes ! it was love, so pure that I
Can feel it dim my eyelids yet ;
It made our spring a memory,
Our summer one profound regret.
We only met to love the more
Beneath the blossom-covered tree ;
We loved in silence on the shore,
And speechless, looking out to sea !

Cold Christmas chimes ! why ceaseless ring,
Across the snow, your endless knell ?
It whispers of remembered spring,
And tolls for our supreme farewell.
O wingèd love ! for love is wild,
And has been since the world began ;
It bears away the loving child,
And leaves alone the thinking man !

So merry skaters, hand in hand,
Laugh on until the sun has set ;
Together you will find love's land,
Then dream together—and forget.



Away ! you lovers ! off you go
Across the fields, along the fen ;
For Christmas bells, above the snow,
Are ringing out good-will to men !

L'ENVOI !

But when you see old friends depart,
And find that love is sweet—but dies ;
Pray God that all your life and heart
Be free from Christmas Memories !

*MAY BLOOM.*

FROM foam of sea was Venus born—
Love came from cold ungrateful sea—
But roses blossomed on the morn
That gave thee life—love's ecstasy !
Beauty attended at her birth,
Whose loveliness I chant to-day,
And from the ends of all the earth
Came love to name her Bloom of May !

She grew as other flowers grow,
The leaf-housed bud and then the bloom ;

Colour came next, and then the glow,
But last the exquisite perfume.
On maiden lips the fulness came,
Love in her eyes began to play,
Then passion pale pronounced her name
To consecrate her Bloom of May !

Now she is perfect—lips and eyes
Peerless in form, and when at rest
I have rehearsed love's litanies,
Murmured her love name, then caress'd
All that she had of her to kiss,
Her earthly beauty which to-day
Remains a mystery of bliss
Not fathomed yet—my Bloom of May !

For this I thank thee, lady mine,
That thou these eyes hast deigned to cast
On my unworthiness, and twine
Thy lovely present round my past.
Give me this promise yet, my Queen,
Kneeling upon my natal day,
Let me—forgetting what has been,
Still love thee more—Sweet Heart of May !

AWAKE.

Is there a waking in the world like this,
To start from dreams of softened agony,
To dwell where pleasure is without a kiss,
To mix the present with a long to be ;
And then when thinking of your summer
face,
And all the harvest tinting of your hair,
To feel in fancy for the vacant place,
And find you there !

Is there a dreaming better to be found,
To walk in fancy over cliffs to sand,
To sleep with love along the poppy ground,
To feel the pressure of a gentle hand.
And then with lover look, but long with
pain,
Turning the eyes back from the waves' dull
race,
To bend a little towards the world again,
And find your face !

Is there a promised joy in Paradise,
More full of rest after completed pain,
To search for love, and then to see your
eyes,
To let you go, and find your arms again :

To feel at last a life without an end,
To see the storm-cloud fading in the blue,
To be your chosen lover and your friend,
My life with you !



ANNUS AMORIS.

A YEAR of love ! no tide of time
Can rise its footprints to efface ;
A year of roses and of rhyme,
A year of living on your face !
A happy year for poet's pen
That told of love and found it true ;
A year remote from haunts of men,
A perfect year ! A year of you !

A year that found us wandering,
I in the darkness, you the day ;
A year that gave us songs to sing,
And turned our winter into May.
A year commencing with a kiss,
Pure on the forehead, and the brow ;
A year that finishes like this !
Don't ask how it has ended now !

A year so very sweet and grave,
When doubt was dead and left desire

A year of walking by the wave,
A year of dreaming by the fire.
A year that loved the winter trees,
A year of mellow May and June ;
A year of flow'rs and summer seas,
Of harvest sun and autumn moon !

A year of passion perfected !
That beckoned sorrow to depart ;
A year that crowned your golden head,
And filled with life my lonely heart !
A year of mystery ! A year
That drew us both to nature's breast ;
A year undimmed by any tear,
A year of Love that leads to Rest !



PRAETERITA.

“ Donec non alia magis
Arsisti neque erat Lydia post Chloen ;
Multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior Ilia ! ”—HORACE.

WE met and parted, when we both had
youth !
Under life's finger-post ! Yes ! you and I !

You were on pleasure bent—I sought the truth ;

We have both felt the darkness of love's sky !

Men with their faithlessness have tortured you—

I have known women false, and pure as well ;

We meet again ! I look to heaven's blue—

You ring despondently fate's dismal knell !

You meet me with your beauty unimpaired—

I greet you with dull sorrow in my face ;

You, with your haunting face, that souls ensnared—

I with a past no praying can retrace !

You can remember nothing—you are fair !

The roses all are dead that you have smelt ;

You sit and laugh at men who loved your hair—

I sigh for dear dead kisses I have felt !

I pity you ; you only smile at me—

I who have only felt what you have found !

You calmly face despair and misery,

I scent love's violets above the ground.

Yet you have lived your life, as I have done,

And led men on to love you with despair ;

God grant, when all is over, there'll be one
To kiss *my* memory and breathe one
prayer.

No taint of world has killed the woman yet,
It beats in every fibre of your frame ;
I have forgiven ! must you still forget
Love's purity in Love's absorbing shame ?
You can afford to laugh—I needs must
pray ;
Grey mists of distance clasp the landscape
green ;
Had we not parted at life's weary way,
Who knows—*we* neither can—what might
have been ?



VIOLET.

THE sweetest heart the garden grows
Some find in petals of the Rose,
While many a sorrowing pilgrim tells
His beads of love with Lily Bells.
I care not what such dreamers say,
For on my honour I prefer
The flower that resembles her,
The Violet of woodland way,
The Violet that's born in May.

The sweetest scent that bloom exhales
Is found away in tropic vales,
Where as the lonely forest sighs,
A wilderness of perfume lies.
I do not care what others say,
For on my honour I prefer
The sweetness in the eyes of her,
The Violet that scents the way,
The Violet that's true to May.



CHRISTMAS DAY.

'Tis Christmas Day ! The hour for pray'r,
The pause for peace, the time for love :
The very world, and all the air,
Proclaim the praise of God above !
The thought that "unto us was born"
A tender friend on Christmas Day,
Rewakes my heart this happy morn,
And sends me to my knees—to pray.

I pray for faith—to check the cry
That rends my heart, when hope seems
torn ;
To hush the murmur, stop the sigh,
For love half-lost and life forlorn !

For resignation most I pray
To bear this waiting which is death ;
For I keep dying till the day
When I shall hold thee—life and breath.

I pray for love. O dearest one !
If you could only read my heart
Now when the year is almost done,
And memories once more depart ;
If you could only dimly feel
The strength of love I yet can give,
Your hand into my hand would steal,
You'd kiss me once—and I should live !

*CROMER CLIFFS.*

HERE on my back in the sunshine lying
On the Lighthouse Cliffs amidst flowers and
grass,
I dreamily stir when the swallow is flying,
And lazily listen when travellers pass :
For the sea at the foot of the crags is
breaking,
And the breeze that's stirring the ferns is
pure,

So I ask where the rest of the world is
taking,
In orthodox fashion, its annual cure.
Why don't they settle their "ehs?" and
"ifs,"
And come and be lazy on Cromer Cliffs?

I cannot confess to an envious minute
Since first this village I came across,
For the sea-sick traveller can't be in it
With the usual gambol of pitch-and-toss!
I wouldn't exchange your Pontresinas,
Your Alpine valleys, and castled Rhine,
For my morning "weed" from a box of
"Finas,"
And a drink of air that has strength like
wine.
The cosiest corner for holiday whiffs
Is found in a hollow of Cromer Cliffs!

I can see them rushing in tourist fashion
In desperate hurry by midnight train,
With fever, and fret, and dust, and passion,
To mountain mists and the Rhigi rain;
From Spa to Spa they will pass and follow
The crowds that hunt in Royalty's wake,
But it grieves not me as I watch the swallow,
And watch the wheat that the breezes
shake.

If you'd all be free from tourists' tiffs,
You would sleep off care on the Cromer
Cliffs.

They will tear with a guide through an
ancient city,

And faithfully "do" a cathedral town ;
They will climb their peaks, and—more's the
pity—

Directly they're up they must needs come
down ;

They will bargain hard for a dirty dwelling,
On the coast of France in a fisherman's
cot,

To hurry back quick to their homes, and
telling

They've managed to see what their friends
have not.

If they only could hear the "poohs" and
"piffs"

Of the elderly cynic on Cromer Cliffs !

I can only hear, if I pause to listen,
The sweep of scythe through the falling
corn ;

I can only see how the sun can glisten
Its dewdrop tears in the fields at morn ;

I can only know that I lie in clover
 On the top of the down and in sight of
 the sea ;
 I can only wish each obstinate rover
 Were half as happy as I can be.
 So put in your pocket your "ahs!"
 and "ifs,"
 And come and get brown upon Cromer
 Cliffs :



CROMER CLOVER.

YOU may trip and travel the whole world
 over,
 From Finisterre's Cape to the Downs at
 Dover ;
 Be you Benedick bold or a bachelor rover,
 You will find no bed like the Cromer Clover !

I've visited Portugal, on to Spain,
 Been over the sea and back again ;
 To Lisbon carried without any flurry
 By the *Drummond Castle* of DONALD CURRIE,
 Beneath the balcony Tagus rolled,
 Past Belim's cloisters bathed in gold,
 But the cactus roads we at last forsook
 For the Cintra Palace of English COOK ;



And then in the cool and the welcome shade
A dozing, dreaming vow was made,
That the Cintra Paradise fair might be,
But it wasn't like home and the Cromer
sea !

Away to the Palace, the park of Cid,
To the burning desert where reigns Madrid,
To the endless nights and sun-struck days,
To ices, pictures, flirtings, plays ;
To the lonely city where pleasure is full
When a brute has bullied a harmless bull ;
Where the man, and woman, and child, of
course,
Delight in the scream of a tortured horse !
But the bull-fight yells and the Prado hum
Were hush'd when a whispering voice said,
" Come
To the land of poppies, the home of corn,
To the cliffs of fern, where from night to
morn
There is nothing but rest and a welcome
peace,
When the weary voices of children cease,
And the stars shine out as the sun dies down,
To light a path to the Cromer town."

Secure on the cliffs, in the clover tossing,
In dreams I follow the Biscay crossing ;

With body on land and eyes at sea,
I laugh, and think of the misery
Of fogs in Channel, and watch out-looking,
Of oil and garlic, and Spanish cooking,
Of endless travel by rail through sand,
Of the indolent pride of an idle land !
But oh ! the joy to be home once more
In the flowering fringe of a welcome shore ;
To hear, as the breezes sweep my way,
The reaper's song and the child at play ;
To watch the swallow, and mark the rhyme
Of the bee when buried in scented thyme ;
To feel a presence, and hand in reach
High over the shout of the holiday beach ;
To give up the part of a reckless rover,
And revel once more in the Cromer Clover !



BESIDE THE SEA.

BESIDE the sea I saw her weep,
She took my hand beside the shore ;
"Love's ways," she said, "are sore and
steep,
O dear one, do not love me more !"
What can be sweeter now than rest,
To dream into eternity ;
Nought can be better—this is best,
Beside the Sea !

The wind blows seaward to the storm,
The sea rolls backward to the wreck,
The waves engulf the lifeless form,
And hush the horror of the deck.
All that is beautiful must die,
The faultless flow'r, the tender tree,
Yet we stand loving, you and I,
Beside the Sea !

O love me then, no more, no more ;
No kiss than this can sweeter taste,
Here standing by the silent shore,
Your arm encircled round my waist.
There must be change, there must be death,
To all who pray to God above ;
To all who love, yes, this must be—
Here let us pause ; let's hold our breath,
Now let us only live and love
Beside the Sea !

*NEXT SPRING.*

THEIR loveliness of life and leaf
At last the waving trees have shed ;
The garden ground is sown with grief,
The gay chrysanthemum is dead.

There is no comfort in the year,
Despair has slowly tolled his knell ;
The world's existence is a tear,
And life but one supreme farewell.
But O my love ! remember this :
There must be birth and blossoming ;
Nature will waken with a kiss
Next Spring !

When I behold your troubled face,
And all the anguish in your eyes,
Most perfect picture ! let me trace
Therein the love that never dies.
Though sorrow's waves may drown the form,
And touch the lips so sweetly curled,
I still would shelter from the storm
The life that binds me to the world.
For O dear love ! remember well,
We both have many songs to sing,
And I have everything to tell,
Next Spring !

Late, was it not ? this mystic year,
We came together—you and I ?
We saw the river through a tear,
And weeping, felt the roses die.
We dreamed, and saw the swallows fled,
The garden stripp'd of her attire ;



And then, when all the world was dead,
We both sat watching by the fire.
But O my love ! there will begin
Another life ! the primrose-ring !
Deep woods that we must whisper in
Next Spring !



TWO.

Two on a cliff, with the kiss of the sea
Filling their hearts, and their lips, and their
hair ;
Two without shelter of rock or of tree,
Facing pure peace, or the sands of despair !
But one in the soul that can lift them along ;
One in the spirit, and one in the touch ;
One in the melody, one in the song :
Who can wish more, or dare ask for as
much ?

Two in a boat on the turn of the tide ;
Two in the sight of the leaf and the land ;
Two on the breast of the waves that are
wide ;
Two on the narrow gold strip of the sand.
But one on the ocean of love and at rest ;
One midst the rush, and one in the roar ;

One like a bird winging home to its nest :
Who asks as much, or dare hunger for
more ?

Two in the gold of the sun as it sets ;
Two close together at death of the day ;
Two in the world that forgives and forgets ;
Two with the joy of the beach and the
bay.

But one in the faith, and one in the prayer ;
One in the heaven, and one in the blue ;
One in the light, and the life, and the air :
Who can ask more ! O my darling, can
you ?



'IT ALL DEPENDS.'

A SONG.

CAN you recall the garden where we met ?
It all depends ! you know it all depends !
We were alone midst roses dewy wet,
The best of friends—the dearest friends !
The sun had set, too soon her weary way
Down the dark lane a maiden wends :
Will she return there where I wait some
day ?
It all depends ! It all depends !



How soft the night! can you recall the hour?

It all depends! hush, dear, it all depends!

Across your window in the ruined tower

A jasmine bends—so fondly bends.

Hark to her voice! dim silence to despair

Deep music lends—so sweetly lends.

What shall I see—her face, her hands, her
hair?

It all depends! It all depends!

How will it end? in sorrow or in pain?

It all depends, sweetheart, it all depends!

We may be parted, we may meet again;

It all depends! It all depends!

Life such as ours may be so false or true,

So fondly false—it all depends!

Tell me once more! I can be true, can
you?

It all depends! It all depends!



IS IT ONLY A YEAR?

Is it only a year

Since we stood by the sea?

I remember the tear

Falling sadly for me.

Ah ! the touch of your hand
As we followed the sand !
Is it only a year, by the sand and the sea ?
 So soon ! So soon !
Love it withered and died in June,
Died by the sounding shore,
 So soon ! So soon !
The sand and the sea
Are faithful to me,
But our love is no more ! is no more !

Is it only a year
Since the fall of the leaf ?
We stood by the bier
Of summer in grief !
 We have scattered sad tears
On the grave of our years,
Is it only a year since the loss of the leaf ?
 So soon ! So soon !
Love that flowered and fell last June,
Withered before the frost,
 So soon ! So soon !
The leaf in the lane
Is coming again,
But our love, it is lost, it is lost !

It is only a year
That has parted our lives ;

Though sad be the tear,
Hope ever revives.
So forgive and forget,
Now our eyelids are wet :
It is only a year that has severed our lives.
Come soon ! Come soon !
Love that blossomed and bloomed last June,
Scattering roses round,
Come soon ! Come soon !
The cold and the frost
Are melted and lost,
But our love it is found, it is found !

*LOVE'S LITANY.*

HAD I but known, long years ago,
The deep unrest, the weight of woe,
The pain of having loved you so !
Had I but seen, through mist of years,
My bitter sacrifice of tears !

Had I but felt, as I do now,
These scars of sorrow on my brow,
No seeds of promise had I sown,
My life were not so weary grown,
Had I but known !

Had we but known—that summer day
We wandered on the primrose way,
Our love would wither and decay !
Had we but felt an hour like this,
A barren time, without a kiss !

Had we but seen that we could stand
Parted for ever in love's land,
We had not suffered to atone,
We had not sighed apart—alone !
Had we but known !



JUSQU'À DEMAIN.

TO-DAY I've seen my dearest with the eyes,
Her tears of joy fell upon either cheek ;
“Give me,” she said, “that love that never
dies ;
Come, kiss it me like that ; don't speak,
don't speak.”
As yet no frost to kill, no flow'r to die,
I walked on air as I went dreaming home ;
For she had murmur'd with her parting sigh :
“Let there be harvest-time—to-morrow
come !

To-morrow come !”



Can there be harvest-time without the seed ?
Did ever summer burn without a spring ?
"O thou of little faith," she said, "indeed
There shall be flower-time and blossoming !
Reach out your hand—touch underneath my
heart ;
O there are miracles of love for some.
Give me one kiss, the last, and then depart ;
Dream all the night, and then—to-morrow
come !

To-morrow come !"



"HER HEART'S THE ROSE."

SHE sent me once a wreath of milk-white
bloom,
Roses and lilac, lilies of the vale ;
Then wrote beneath one blossom : "'Tis our
doom,
If this wreath lives our love will then
prevail.
Deep in the lilies are my kisses kept—
Take the narcissus and there taste my
breath—
In cups of perfume are the tears I've wept ;
My heart's the Rose—Take it for life or
death !"

Rosy-cheeked—"Life or death!"
Is our cry!
Galloped now out of breath,
She and I.

IV.

Faster still—cares behind
We outpaced!
On we rode, through the wind,
Till we raced
Side by side. Neither gains—
Why not die?
Still we held to the reins—
She and I.

V.

O the turf, how it rang
To our steeds,
As they raced and they sprang
O'er the meads!
O the woods and their gold,
On the day
When the reins from our hold
Slipped away!

LOVE'S GALLOP.

I.

SHE and I, years ago,
Took a ride ;
Through the wind, through the snow,
Side by side !
Through the fog, through the fen—
Weary land !—
On we jogged, steady then,
Rein in hand !

II.

She and I rode again—
Pleasant dream !—
Slacker hands on the rein
By a stream :
Never mist, never showers—
Why not sing ?
Trotting fast through the flowers
Kissed by Spring.

III.

Through the moss, through the fern,
Through the heat—
'Neath the blue, by the burn,
Firm in seat—

Rosy-cheeked—"Life or death!"
Is our cry!
Galloped now out of breath,
She and I.

IV.

Faster still—cares behind
We outpaced!
On we rode, through the wind,
Till we raced
Side by side. Neither gains—
Why not die?
Still we held to the reins—
She and I.

V.

O the turf, how it rang
To our steeds,
As they raced and they sprang
O'er the meads!
O the woods and their gold,
On the day
When the reins from our hold
Slipped away!

A SONG OF SPRING.

GOD'S Love has broken winter's chain,
The Earth is Paradise again.
A smile of sun, a kiss of show'rs
Stars nature's firmament with flowers :
After this waiting, what relief
To scent the spring : the robin thief
Chirps champion on the holly bough,
Let's sing ! the winter's over now,
And lovers lead beloved ones home.
The snowdrop's come !

Have you forgotten ? Love, last year
Our spring-time smiled without a tear !
That night when we went out and kist
The roses folded up in mist !
That day you pulled the branches down
And made for me a leafy crown !
To you, sweet heart, when sun had set
I gave closed daisies, Margaret !
'Tis spring again ! Love's hour has come.
The snowdrop's home.

Have you not felt as yet ? You will,
That wild reaction, and the thrill

Of nature's resurrection-day,
That comes as prelude to our May !
The May we've sworn to love, whose birth
Sends carols round the weary earth.
I have forgiven all ; can you,
Who sent me winter thyme and rue,
Forget love's birthday ? Spring is home.
The snowdrop's come !

Let's turn the year's sad leaf: forget
Its tear-stained pages, Margaret.
The chequered chronicle of time
That died in sorrow, born in rhyme.
Love's epitaph ! 'twas I alone
Carved on a monument of stone ;
" Look round ! Eternity means love,
There's no decay ! In eaves above
The swallows gather winging home.
The snowdrop's come ! "



J. S.

Died at Warminster, Saturday, November 14th, 1885.
Aged 69.

IN MEMORIAM.

GONE from the mart, and the men who outlive
him,

Gone from the house in the shade of the
down ;

Foemen and rivals alike can forgive him,

Best of good fellows in Warminster town.

Gone from the ranks, and the boys who have
cheered him,

Gone from the friends to whose homes he
would wend,

Cheery old captain ! all loved and none
feared him—

Soldier, debater, and churchman, and
friend !

Gone from the town where his life was
devoted,

Gone from the work that he did like a
man ;

Nothing of shame to his blame can be
quoted ;

Honoured and trusted—deny it who can !

Gone from this world and its fret and its
fever

Gone from the loved ones who roiled at his
side :

Such are the men we must value for ever :

Honest he worked—and in harness he
died

Those he has left have with love to adorn
him

Only earth's lilies, and laurel, and yew ;
Childless he lived, but how many who mourn
him

Loved him as father and counsellor too ?
Few will forget, when at rest he reposes,
Faithful in friendship and sorrow he
proved ;

Cover his grave with the last of his roses !
Leave him a cross of the flowers he loved !

MARIO.

Died December 11, 1883.

VOICE of the golden past ! The Stage grows
dark,
The End has come, and slow the curtain
falls.

MARIO is dead ! It cannot be, for hark !
His name is echoed in repeated calls.
Long we have lost him, but fond memory
slips
Back to the days his song so glorified ;
His magic fame falls from a thousand lips—
Music grew dumb the day that MARIO died !

Knight of the silver song ! Who can forget
Your *Almaviva* ?—for his beauty glows
In recollection—ah ! the grand duet
With glorious GRISI in *The Huguenots* !
“ *Ah ! mio Fernando !* ” that was song sublime,
And *Favorita*’s ecstasy complete,
When, with a passion that has conquered
time,
The tyrant sword fell at your noble feet !

King of the hearts of all ! With folded arms,
As white-robed priest, by *Leonora*’s cell

You stand in fancy, whilst the myriad charms
Come with love-music and your magic
spell !

"*Angiol' d'Amor' !*" that was the song you
sung

In tragic torture of accented pain.

MARIO, my Master, would that we were
young,

To see enchanted women weep again !

Man of the deathless voice ! How they will
greet

The lost companion who returns to them—

RUBINI and GUIGLINI, honey-sweet,

Will swell the chorus for your requiem.

When the last portals to be passed by men

Are fired with melody—amidst the glow

Song's immortality will triumph, then

GRISI at last will meet her MARIO !



MICHAEL COSTA.

Born, Naples, February 4, 1810; died, Brighton,
April 29, 1884.

DRAPE it in mourning, the Conductor's seat,
Where over Music-land he ruled so long.
Sound woke to triumph at his magic beat,
And softest prelude sweetened into song!
Enthroned he sat, in the grand days of old,
Beloved and trusted by the men he led.
What memories that lifetime could unfold!
Art's children, who no more Life's stage shall
tread,
Great Costa's dead!

Throw no more garlands on the empty stage,
Hang them with love around his vacant
chair;
Of mighty Opera he closed the page,
Then went to lead sweet voices in the air!
Changed is the scene! Musicians of the past
Will rise to greet his coming; and the
sigh
Of half-forgotten melody will cast
Shadows of love! Friends left can only
cry,
Costa! good-bye!

THE UNION.

THREE nations linked together,
Three hearts that beat as one,
Through fair and stormy weather,
Have sworn let right be done !
Old England, friend and Mother,
Pledges a loving cup
To cheer her Scottish brother,
And lift poor Ireland up.

CHORUS.

St. George for merry England,
St. Andrew for the Scot,
St. Patrick for old Ireland,
They have helped us, have they not ?
They have lifted us to honour,
They have helped to make us free,
For the Union is England,
And England—Unity !

When did brave Scotland falter,
At home or over sea,
To loose the tyrants' halter,
To battle for the free ?

Bound heart and soul together,
True to her old renown,
The land of love and heather
Won't crush the Shamrock down.

CHORUS.

St. George for merry England, &c.

Dear Ireland ! weeping, kneeling,
Land of eternal song !
Light o'er your hills is stealing,
Right follows after wrong.
Rose, shamrock, purple heather,
Through mist and storm and sun,
Entwine your hearts together,
As ever—three in one !

*OUR CHARLIE CHAMPAGNE.*

AFTER A MODERN POET.

RED whiskers that typify swelldom,
Rough hair that resembles a mat,
The heavy dull eyes and the seldom
Clean shirt, and the villanous hat ;

When these have all lost their attraction,
What shall rest of thee, then? what
 remain,
O king, of a dubious faction,
 Our Charlie Champagne!

Nine lives are not given to mortals,
 But alone to conventional cats;
What is one worth by publican's portals,
 And vicissitudinous vats?
Fast midnights and head-aching morrows,
 And the love of a lamp-breaking lark,
Change to yawns at the desk and to
 sorrows
 That wear out the clerk.

O garments of colours that frighten—
 O trousers made straight to the knees—
Short coats, slimmest figures that tighten,
 And neckties as green as the trees;
O hands free of gloves and of water,
 That dangle a limited cane.
O beau of the publican's daughter,
 Our Charlie Champagne!

Who taught you thy slang then,—now
 mellow
With rank repetition and age?

Were you innocent ever, young fellow ?
You must have been once, I'll engage.
Did you ever like cricket and rowing ?
Were you ever a boy and at school ?
Why after your learning and growing
Go playing the fool ?

Were you sick of the tug and the tussle
Of your life that you changed in a year
From the mirth and the manhood of
muscle
To the froth and the folly of beer ?
Relinquish your cutaway clothing,
There's a turn to the lengthiest lane,
Come back, and relieve us from loathing,
O Charlie Champagne !



ONE NIGHT AT THE PLAY.

By the firelight I sit gazing deep at love's
embers,
All alone with the wail of the wind for a
tune ;
Old loves that were chill'd by life's icy
Decembers—
Past lives that endured with no love for
their June.

Alone as I dream, with the past for reflection,
On the losses of years and the gain of a day,
It is strange how one face with a wealth of
affection
Rekindles the light of one night at the play.

For many a year through the world we had
wandered—
You pure in the meadows, I lost in the town ;
But you would have hoarded what I may have
squandered,
And you might have cherished what others
flung down !
Then, suddenly meeting, our lives came to-
gether
In Fate's incomplete and mysterious way ;
Say, was it not true that we tasted love's
weather,
And sailed far away that one night at the
play ?

Well all that I know is just this—that I met
you,
A sympathy beamed from your lips and your
eyes ;
There is nothing on earth that could make me
forget you,
Or deaden the thrill of your whispered replies.



How little they knew, when they played for
our pleasure,

In the old unconcerned and mechanical way,
That we longed to extend their romance be-
yond measure,

For we were in dreamland that night at the
play.

'Twas only a dream—and there came an
awaking ;

Too subtle the pleasure ; hope travelled too
fast.

But the hand that had given a tremble on
shaking,

My pressure returned when we parted at last,
So I wonder if ever old Time, the arranger,

To where you are dwelling will point me the
way ?

If I come, would you welcome the soul of a
stranger

Who led you to dreamland, one night at the
play ?



LOVE'S REFUGE.

HELPLESS ! alone I stand ! Give me your
hand !

Lead me across life's turmoil and despair !
Take me away to Love's sweet blossom land,
Out of this darkness, into light and air !
Give me your hand ! to wander thro' my hair,
To pass across my forehead ; let it touch
My lips, just once, that murmur you are fair
And tender sweet ! I do not ask for much :
Give me your hand !

Midnight has closed me round ! Give me your
eyes,

That I may wake to see life's loveliness ;
And gaze into a mirror'd paradise
Where we may wander on, no less ! no less !
Give me your eyes ! that I may look you
through,
Unfold your soul, discover how your heart
Trembles at love's awakening ! ah ! you,
You will be merciful ! Ere I depart
Give me your eyes !

Behold your suppliant ! Give me your heart !
All that is in it that is very pure ;

Your woman's sanctity ; the counterpart
Of gifts the Angels gave you that endure !
Give me your heart ! that I may set it round
With pearls of prayer, and rosaries recite
Of deep thanksgiving ! Let me feel I've found
A way to peace out of a life's dark night !
Give me your heart !



THE TOWER BY THE SEA.

THE land is sad without thee,
And the hills are draped in mist ;
The flowers dream about thee
In the fields thy feet have kist.
They have reaped the purple clover
That the skylark soared above,
But the harvest-time is over
Of an everlasting love.

'Neath the cliffs the ships are sailing,
Women watch them joyfully ;
But the wind comes wailing—wailing,
Round our Tower by the sea.

The past and present mingle
In a sigh of deep regret,
(37)

For at last the twain are single,
And the sun of love has set.
'Tis rough the way we wended,
There are clouds across the sun,
For the sowing-time is ended,
And the reaping has begun.

Life and love—how unavailing !
In the grass they'll bury me.
Breathe a pray'r when winds are wailing
Round our Tower by the sea.



EDEN.

DEEP in the summer-time of long ago
There dwelt on either side a broken stream
A knight who sighing felt love's passion grow,
A maiden weeping for some distant dream.
His gallant life was lost in Holy Lands,
Her love lay buried in her life's regret ;
Loving the river where they folded hands,
They called it *Eden* where those lovers met !

The summer-time still comes though knights
are dead,
With tears of maidens rivers rush to sea ;

Love ruleth still though chivalry be fled—
His kisses were the same to you and me.
All was the same—from bridge to ruined mill—
Across the stream we loved, and met to part ;
Sad winters change to flower-time—but still
They call it *Eden* where you broke my
heart.



YOU.

LET Time continue winging
Across Life's fields away !
The weary world is singing
Love's madrigals to-day !
Close, closer, towards me bend, dear,
Tho' fate's grim curfew toll,
For you have found a friend, dear,
But I have found a soul !

Lift up your head, and listen
To words you can't forget ;
Read in these tears that glisten,
Love's story, Margaret !
Come what, come may, to-morrow,
To-night, love, palm to palm,
You'll find an end of sorrow,
And I eternal calm !

Be near me, when they doubt me,
As I to you'll be near ;
For what were life without thee,
Now thou art proved so dear !
Unbare your heart and show it,
Prove you and I are true ;
For *I* am *I*—you know it—
And dearest *you* are *you* !



L'ADDIO PENSEROSO.

WE met but for a moment's space
In restful summer-time ;
Love left its autumn in your face,
And saddened all my rhyme.
From out the giddy crowd we crept,
For both desired to know
The secret of the tears we wept,
The depth of sorrow's snow.

Alas ! the weary end must come,
The sad cross-way that points to home ;
And thus it is for both, dear heart !
We both regret and both expect,
We both have courage to reflect,
But not the strength to part !



'Tis past ! but how can I forget
That night ! the moonlit lake !
The pause that made your eyelids wet,
My silence for your sake !
Could you but know, in after years,
What happened in love's land ;
I left unheard another's tears,
Unclasped another hand.

Alas ! to both the weary end,
The lonely heart, the absent friend ;
Ah ! pity me for this, dear heart !
One day, perchance, you'll recollect,
'Twas you had courage to reflect,
And I the strength to part !



"KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT."

KISS me Good-Night ! the day is done,
Across life's hill the sun has set ;
All ! all ! have left me ; only one
Remains to love me—or forget ?
We started seaward, to love's land,
Heart-glad with flowers, sun, and light—
Lost in the darkness, now we stand.
Kiss me Good-Night !

Kiss me Good-Night ! our lovely year
Is folded up and put away ;
The mists are round us, and a tear
Is all the pray'r I have to pray.
Why do I weep ? I only know
Life's awful mystery aright.
You pause ! and I have loved you so !
Kiss me Good-Night !

Kiss me Good-Night ! no more be said ;
For us what can to-morrow bring ?
A cry of pain for what is dead ?
Another New Year's song to sing ?
Time's shadows close around us fast,
Our lamp of love is still alight ;
O that we might re-live the past !
Kiss me Good-Night !



A. CONTRADICTION.

“Varium et mutabile semper Fœmina !”—VIRGIL.

THEY say she's like an April day,
All sun and shower, grave and gay,
Just half in love, and half in play,
Like other misses.

Go to ! They tell a pack of lies ;
For I have heard her heart-drawn sighs,
And I have seen her inmost eyes,
And felt her kisses !

They think her laugh is over-bold,
And hint her smiles are bought for gold ;
Dull heretics have thought her cold,
As is the fashion.

Ah me ! when we together stole
Across the weald to leafy Knoles,
'Twas there she showed to me her soul
And all her passion !

They vow her life is tossed about
From ball to picnic, play to rout ;
A careless butterfly, no doubt,
That scandal crushes.
What could *we* answer, if 'twere said
That Time and Fate two lovers led
To lily-streams at Maidenhead,
Among the rushes ?

Her reputation shivered most
Last night at supper, when our host
Made her of careless lips the toast
And reigning goddess.

But I, who know my love, daresay
She thought of home, and tried to pray
Before her handmaid slipped away
Her satin bodice.

Your silly worldlings all forget
Her depth of hidden life, and bet
They've never met her equal yet
In fact or fiction.
But I, who love in secret, sit
Unweaving webs that Fate has knit
To bind me to so exquisite
A contradiction.



*TO JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE ON HIS
SILVER WEDDING.*

A SILVER Wedding? Johnnie, is it true,
For five and twenty years in chains you've
sporting?
Time, the Avenger, stays his pranks with you,
And makes you younger than when first you
courted.
The best of fathers to the kindest son,
On wife and daughter rays of sunshine
shedding ;

Paterfamilias and friend in one,
This is the crown of Johnnie's Silver Wedding!

"A Silver Wedding for a heart of gold,"
Hark to the echo of the voices round you!
Brother and friend in one sweet nature rolled,
We find you true—as we have ever found
you.
Take then, upon this day of perfect bliss,
My humble gift—may you and yours out-
live it;
Its greatest value to your friend is this—
That he has lived to know you—and to
give it!



"RUS IN URBE."

POETS are singing the whole world over
Of May in melody, joys for June;
Dusting their feet in the careless clover,
And filling their hearts with the blackbird's
tune.
The "brown bright nightingale" strikes with
pity
The sensitive heart of a count or clown;
But where is the song for our leafy city,
And where the rhymes for our lovely town?

"O for the Thames, and its rippling reaches,
Where almond rushes, and breezes sport !
Take me a walk under Burnham Beeches ;
Give me a dinner at Hampton Court !"
Poets, be still, though your hearts I harden ;
We've flowers by day and have scents at
dark,
The limes are in leaf in the cockney garden,
And lilacs blossom in Regent's Park.

"Come for a blow," says a reckless fellow,
Burned red and brown by passionate sun ;
"Come to the downs, where the gorse is
yellow ;
The season of kisses has just begun !
Come to the fields where bluebells shiver,
Midst cuckoo's carol, or plaint of dove ;
Come for a row on the silent river ;
Come to the meadows and learn to love !"

Yes, I will come when this wealth is over
Of softened colour and perfect tone ;
The lilac's better than fields of clover—
I'll come when blossoming May has flown.
When dust and dirt of a trampled city
Have dragged the yellow laburnum down,
I'll take my holiday—more's the pity—
And turn my back upon London town.

Margaret ! am I so wrong to love it,
This misty town that your face shines through?
A crown of blossom is waved above it ;
But heart and life of the whirl—'tis *you* !
Margaret ! pearl ! I have sought and found
you ;
And though the paths of the winds are free,
I'll follow the ways of the world around you,
And build my nest on the nearest tree !

BOULOGNE-ON-SEA.

WHEN London's granite is grey and gritty,
And the clock of the citizen's life runs down ;
When he's sick unto death of the crowded city,
And travels in tears to the hateful town,—
Come, pack up your traps, you aimless fellow,
Set free your heart where your path lies free ;
For the air is light and the sands are yellow,
And women are fair at Boulogne-on-Sea !

May I sing once more of this land of plenty—
Of flowers and fishers, of fruit and lace !
My heart is as young as at five-and-twenty,
Though forty summers have lined my face.

Old Albion's coast isn't lively, is it?
There are jollier places, you'll all agree;
So cross the Channel, and come to visit
Our holiday life at Boulogne-on-Sea.

When the poppies of sleep are bruised with
resting,
And the streets are full of their carts and
cries,
We swimmers, so true to the sea, are breasting
The waves that rush to the lips and eyes.
Then sauntering home without bores or bustle,
With appetite sharp as a man's can be,
We dream of mullet and sea-fed mussel
That melt in the mouth at Boulogne-on-Sea.

For the clock strikes twelve from dome to tower,
And the day's as merry as friendship lasts;
So the lovers of life leave band and bower
On a rickety pier to break their fast.
Bring shrimp and salad and lobster ruddy,
Bring kindly claret, and then you'll see
We'll make of our indolent meal a study,
Overlooking the port of Boulogne-on-Sea.

The days are long, and the night delayeth;
We've asphalt tennis, and rinks as well;
But many a youth with a maiden strayeth
To Pont de Briques or to quaint Portel.

They tell for ever the old, old story,—
Dear heart, 'twas pleasant to you and me,
When eyes had colour and hair a glory,
And love seemed love at Boulogne-on-Sea.

The night creeps over us soft and mellow—
Go, call the thing that they call a cab ;
For the laughing girl and the dancing fellow
Must visit what's vulgarly called "the Tab."
For singers to-night. there are wreaths and
roses ;
For winners a prize at the race-game free :
When night in sorrow on Folkestone closes,
We're merry enough at Boulogne-on-Sea.

We've a visit at times from Margate 'Arry,
Who of saying he's come has a noisy knock,—
He has tippled already, but bound to carry
A bottle of poisonous brandy back.
Still, in spite of this—and her faults are many
In the matter of odour and £ s. d.—
There is plenty of change for a pound or penny,
With Pleasure as guide to Boulogne-on-Sea.



BIENTÔT.

LET it be soon ! Life was not made to long
For distant hours of dim futurity :
Thy presence soothes me like some far-off song ;
O where my heart has rested let it lie.
Hope is the morning : love the afternoon.
Let it be soon !

Let it be soon ! The treasured daylight dies
And changes sadly to the chill of night ;
But Summer reigns for ever in thine eyes,
And at thy touch Grief stealeth out of sight.
After sad years of longing, Love must swoon.
Let it be soon !

Let it be soon ! Love cannot live like this,
Lost in a maze of wild expectancy :
Life can endure if solaced by a kiss,
But Faith, if unrewarded, it must die.
Thou art cold Winter : I am sun in June.
Let it be soon !



A THANKSGIVING.

My life had fainted : all my world was sad,
For cruel Fate had dealt a coward's blow.
Home had denied me peace, its accents glad
Had turned to tears ; its sun was changed
to snow !
'Twas then I lifted up my broken voice,
Crying in terror, "Will this soul-pain cease?"
And as I paused a whisper said, "Rejoice !
The end of sorrow to the sad is peace."

I saw a vision of an island home
Clasped in a love embrace of soaring seas ;
Fair children beckoned me to come and roam
Among the flowered grass beneath the trees.
Cowslips of gold and soft-eyed pimpernels,
Sheets of wild hyacinth of heavenly blue,
Shouted a welcome, and from daisy-dells
Forgotten voices said, "We wait for you."

There is a corner in the isle I love,
Dear by a thousand spring-time memories,
Whose voice is tender as the coo of dove,
And touch as soft as fleece of summer
skies.

Here was the peace ! here the deep haven-
rest !

Here, thankful, stretched upon the flow'r-
starred sod,

I drank new gratitude from Nature's breast,
And breathed thanksgiving on the lap of
God !



JACQUES OFFENBACH.

Died in Paris, October 1880.

LIGHTLY lie the turf upon him ! Muse of
Music he possessed ;

He of melody was master, let us sing him to
his rest.

Friend of long ago remembered ! you were
girl and I was boy,

When he took our hearts to Paris, and he
sung to us of Troy.

Tell him—*Dites Lui*, remember—we recall the
storm and stress

Of the nights Napoleonic, and the jewelled
Grande Duchesse.

We behold as in a vista, art supreme and
fancy free,

Struck to song by golden Schneider, and to
wit by quaint Dupuis.

Classic days of merry music on the memory
remain,
With *Eurydice* and *Orpheus*, with *John Styx*
and *Belle Hélène*.
Gods in high Olympus revelled on the mimic
stage in France,
When King Jove let loose his thunder, and
Queen Juno led the dance.
Magic charm was yours, my master, for we
tripped at your command
Through the dreamy valse, the galop, and the
maddened saraband.
Evoe! cried jovial Bacchus, little Cupid loosed
his bow,
In the Paris of the Empire, in the days of
long ago.

Ah! my merry Gipsy maiden, *Perichole* with
Spanish eyes,
Sing your letter song; then take us to the
tender "Bridge of Sighs,"
Where romance was set to music; ah! but
sweeter let it flow,
Chanson matchless of De Musset! song of
young *Fortunio*!
With a *répertoire* exhaustless, classic fable,
folly, fun,
Cruel Thanatos gave signal, and the overture
was done.

Still he won in competition, but his equal where
and when?

For his life's success was Paris—yes, *La Vie
Parisienne!*

Drape the orchestra in mourning, wreath the
violin and bow,

Leave the *bâton* where he placed it—'tis the
final beat, you know;

Gather up the 'parts, 'tis over, come dismiss
the band you can,

Death is now the *Tambour Major*, and he rolls
his rataplan.

Stop the dancing for a moment, take your
partner to the stairs,

And together in a dreamland, hear his operatic
airs.

Mirth has ended; and a spirit full of melody
has fled

To a land of sweeter music—merry Offenbach
is dead!



THOMAS CARLYLE.

Born 1795 ; died 1881.

SHUT fast the door ! Let not our vulgar din
Vex the long rest of patriarchal age ;
But one step more eternal peace to win,
England's Philosopher ! old Chelsea's Sage !

How they will greet him ! When he nears the
home
Where dwell the deathless spirits of the
dead—
GOETHE and SCHILLER, "sovereign souls,"
will come
To crown with *immortelles* his honoured
head.

Out from the unknown shore, the heroes past—
CROMWELL of England, FREDERICK THE
GREAT—
Will lead the grand procession, and recast
The roll of genius that he joined so late.

What will his message be, from life to death
Grand hero-worshipper of years ago ?

"Is England true?" they'll ask him in one
breath.

"Faithful to history?" He'll answer No !

To this indictment he must pledge his word,—
What warrant else could an historian sign?—
He lived through England's triumph, but he
heard
With dying ears the shudder of decline.

Perchance the revolution and the shame
That like black shadows crossed the Commons' floor,
Were spared him dying ! Whisper not their
name—
Shut fast the gate ! He's sleeping. Close
the door !



CALLED TO THE BAR.

In Memoriam, F. L. T. Died December 7, 1879.
Aged 23.

OVER the life of our friend we may linger,
Free from the tears that we gave him of late ;
Touched as he was with the resolute finger,
I say of Providence—some say of Fate.

Youth as he was, still a sadness crept o'er him,
Silent he looked to the future afar ;
Acting a cynic with fortune before him,
Buoyed up with hope to be "called to the
bar."

Why was he weary when Love had caress'd
him,
Born unto happiness, sprung from the best ?
Only the skirt of the "madding crowd" press'd
him ;
Why was life sadder to him than the rest ?
Still with eyes kindled to fire he'd remember
Visions of destiny mirror'd afar ;
Saying, "Forget not your friend in December ;
Then—if I've luck—I'll be "called to the
bar."

Slowly December crept nearer and nearer,
Snow'd up with sorrow, grief-stricken with
rain,
Out of the multitude who was there dearer,
Waiting his terrible trial in pain ?
Sadly the hope of our hearts was arrested,
None heard our cries though the "Gates
were ajar ;"
He was by God the Examiner tested,
Found out the best, and was "*Called to the
Bar.*"

IN MEMORIAM.

LILIAN ADELAIDE NEILSON.

Died in Paris, August 14, 1880.

WHAT shall my gift be to the dead one lying
Wrapt in the mantle of her mother earth?
No tear, no voice, no prayer, or any sighing,
Gives back her face made beautiful by birth.

Honour was due to one whose soul was tender,
Whose nature quickened at the touch of
art;
Now that the struggle's over, God will send
her
Mercy and peace to soothe her troubled
heart.

Tears will be shed; for who dare raise the
finger
Of scorn when all is buried in the grave?
Some pity near her memory will linger;
Upon life's stormy sea she tossed—a wave!

Life's weary hill she bravely fell in breasting;
Her work was done: "O take me home,"
she sighs.



Whisper it low, she sleeps not, "she is resting ;"
So fell the curtain, and she closed her eyes.

The flowers she loved will deck the cross that
shows us

Where all remains of what was once so fair.
Yes ! she is dead, but still, perhaps, she knows
us

Who say "*Implora pace !*" for our prayer.

They gave love's playthings, who were wont to
win her,

As Juliet coaxed to happiness her nurse ;
But I, who knew the goodness that was in
her,

Place humbly on her grave—this leaf of
verse !



OURS !

A SONG OF FRIENDSHIP.

WHERE are the boys of the old Brigade ?
Give them a call, my Captain true !
Through time's weather, in sun or shade,
All were loyal, old friend, to you.

Ere together we face the rain,
Strong with the sorrows of twenty years,
Call them back to us once again,
Summon their ghosts to this vale of tears.

How we hoped in the times long past !
How we loved in the days gone by !
How we clung to the creaking mast,
When storms were pitiless, you and I !
True we were to a friendly craft,
Side by side as we paced the deck ;
How did *we* manage to steer the raft,
Bound to the spars of a splendid wreck ?

Is our reward that we loved them so,
Boys of "Ours" who have passed away,
Leaving the seasons of sun and snow
For endless prison in mould and clay ?
How they struggled ere death made peace !
How they lighted this changing scene !
But Jeffrey sleeps 'neath flowers at Nice,
And Paul's forgotten in Kensal Green.

Give me a place in the new Brigade,
Private, corporal, what you will ;
Here's the loyalty friendship made,
Here's my heart—it is beating still.

"Gentlemen all, may I join your band?"
Brothers in arms at the least are we ;
Let me kneel whilst I kiss the hand
Of the sisters gracing our company.

Now let's march to the grand old tune,
Fired with faith of the loved old time ;
Wake love's echoes in May and June,
With nervous prose and with graceful rhyme
Let us press on for our captain's smile ;
Cheer for "Ours" ere our toils begin.
Come now ! silence in rank and file,
Ready and steady let's all fall in !



THE LEAF AND THE BOOK.

A BALLAD.

ACROSS the meadow-land together
A youth and merry maiden stray'd,
Where grasses grew, and purple heather,
'Midst chequered peeps of sun and shade.
At last beside the river seated,
He took her book—this lover sage,
One fallen willow-leaf secreted,
Then slowly folded down the page.

Next year the maiden slowly strolling
Alone beside the river's brim,
Saw summer-time to winter rolling,
And rested there to think of him.
Her eyes with sorrow's tints were shaded,
Her book still pictured youth and age—
The fallen willow-leaf had faded
Where he had folded down the page.

Years after by the stream forsaken,
In winter time she wandered forth ;
Great forest trees with storms were shaken,
Sent from the Kingdom of the North.
She found the spot where they were seated
Before he left her for renown ;
No willow-leaf the book secreted,
But life's sad page was folded down !



HE TRIED TO SPEAK.

A REMINISCENCE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

HE tried to speak ! Fired with the flush of
youth,
With folded arms, uprising from his seat,
Burning with eloquence for love and truth,
He courted failure, and he faced defeat.

"Listen, my country," said the trembling
voice,

"Yours is the victory against the weak."

The day will come when England shall rejoice

He tried to speak !

He tried to speak ! Through the long numbered
years,

To check the ruin that was called advance,
And stop the madmen who have worn the
tears

From conquered Denmark and from wasted
France.

Sprung from the people, when he bade them
wake,

'Twas in the cause of freedom, not of freak ;
His policy was England's ! for her sake

He tried to speak !

He tried to speak for chivalry and taste ;

The charm of courtesy, the polished pen,
For old "*festina lente*," not hot haste ;

The aristocracy of gentlemen !

For Queen beloved and uncorrupted court,

To stem the torrent and to stop the leak,
To bring the old ship safely into port,

He tried to speak !

He tried to speak, that he might quell the
storm

That gathered slowly round his country's
head :

Sworn to protect, 'twas he that gave reform,

Peace to the living, honour to the dead.

And when at last was spent his latest breath,

Warm hands of friends closed over fingers
weak,

Folding his arms, he rose, and facing death,

He tried to speak !



AN ANNUAL CAROL.

SEASON of turkey and sausages round,

Days of dyspepsia, waits at night,

Snow—in the picture-books—covers the ground,

Story-book Christmases never come right.

Christmas is coming, and can't stay long,

Revellers roar about wassail and cheer ;

Say ! are they singing a cynical song ?

“Christmas cometh but once a year.”

All of us sitting at family beef,

Friends to a man for the season's sake ;

Which of the company dares turn thief

For those who die in the street and shake !

Dives, shut in a fortunate fold,
Sighs to himself, "Were the boy but here !"
Lazarus maundereth out in the cold,
"Christmas cometh but once a year."

Life is a snap-dragon game at best,
Of burning fingers and gaining plums ;
But men mistaken, and maids caress'd,
Agree when an echo of Yuletide comes.
The little ones shout when the church-bells
ring,
The lonely widower wipes a tear ;
Isn't it strange that they all should sing,
"Christmas cometh but once a year ?"

Tipsiness travels along with tips,
To one and another we lend a hand ;
'Tis human nature—we all have slips,
'Tis custom—all of us understand !
Tradition is silly, we all agree,
And man's a beast when the man's in beer !
Curious fellows they fail to see,
"Christmas cometh but once a year."

Story-book morals, kind friends, are sweet,
And tales like mine are the best when old ;
They'll surely live, if our pulses beat,
To warm the heart—for the world is cold !

A holiday short in a year too long,
A fortunate fling in a life too dear ;
Tell us if this is a cynical song ?
" Christmas cometh but once a year ! "



PERPLEXITY.

WHAT have I done that I should earn a smile,
Breathed from thy lips where un-kissed corners
rest ?
Why do I stand transfixed and gaze awhile
At hair of gold, sun-stricken like the west ?
Why have those eyes a dreamy mystery,
Telling of troubled life, of heart unwon ?
I dare not meet thy glance, so base am I.
What have I done ?

What have I done that one face holds me so,
And follows me in fancy through the day ?
Why do I seek thy love ? I only know
That fate is resolute and points the way
To thy sweet presence, bathed in amber light,
As soft as when we greet the new-born sun ;
Since first our eyes entangled, there's no night—
What have I done ?

What can be done? As yet no touch, no kiss!

Only a gaze across your eyes' blue lake.

Better it were, sweetheart, to dream like this,

Than afterwards to shudder—and awake!

Love is so very bitter, and his ways

Tortured with thorns, with wild weeds over-
grown.

Can I live on unloved these lifeless days?

What can be done?



THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

AFTER VICTOR HUGO.

FORGET? Can I forget the scented breath

Of breezes, sighing of thee, in mine ear;

The strange awakening from a dream of death,

The sudden thrill to find thee coming near?

Our huts were desolate, and far away

I heard thee calling me throughout the day.

No one had seen thee pass.

Trembling I came. Alas!

Can I forget?

Once I was beautiful; my maiden charms

Died with the grief that from my bosom fell.

Ah ! weary traveller ! rest in my loving arms !

Let there be no regrets and no farewell !

Here of thy mother sweet, where waters flow,

Here of thy fatherland we whispered low ;

Here music, praise, and pray'r

Fill'd the glad summer air.

Can I forget ?

Forget ? My dear old home must I forget ?

And wander forth and hear my people weep,

Far from the woods where, when the sun has

set,

Fearless but weary to thy arms I creep ;

Far from lush flow'rets and the palm-tree's

moan

I could not live. Here let me rest alone !

Go ! I must follow nigh,

With thee I'm doomed to die.

Never forget !



THE FALLEN ROSE.

[Dropped from the Bouquet of Lady Teazle after the
Screen Scene.]

I SAW her last, delirious with the scene,
Panting like fawn, safe from pursuing cheers ;
My hand gave joy her trembling hands be-
tween—

A rose fell at our feet, bedewed with tears.
“Why hast thou fallen from her, Rose?” I
said,
“Save that thou blushed at seeing her more
fair

Than thy companions. Why not crown her
head,

And kiss the happy laurels in her hair?”
All woman-like—she left to play her part,
And I to clasp her rosebud to my heart !



TO GRETCHEN.

[With a Heart of Amethyst.]

YOU asked me for Love's Talisman? Some gift
That you could treasure when I'm out of
sight?

Some little token when apart we drift,

To rest about your bosom day and night!

Take, dearest one, from my unworthy hand,

As part of me, and of yourself a part,

The pledge of that you've deigned to under-
stand—

Take, sweetheart mine, from me—this little
Heart!

Ah! little Heart! may you be oft caress'd

By lips too sweet for you — cold
Amethyst!

By day you'll keep my place upon her
breast;

By night I'll dream in peace—when you
are kiss'd!

VICTOR HUGO'S "RUY BLAS."

ACT II. SCENE II.

THE QUEEN *alone.*

How can I pray? How can I put to flight
The thought that haunts me? I am left alone!
A soul extinguished in a night of gloom.
I see his bleeding hand-prints on the wall;
He's wounded! God! why do so much for me?
Why scale the wall, and dare its giddy height?
Why bring me flow'rs? sweet truants from these
eyes?

Why for so little risk a life so dear?
Those cruel spikes—they tore and wounded him.
A scrap of lace hung captive. Shed for me,
His blood were worth a sacrifice of tears!
When day by day I seek his gift of flow'rs,
I promise God I will return no more;
But having promised, still I wander back!
Three days have passed, and he is absent still
Wounded! Who art thou? fair but unknown
man?

Who saw me lone and separate from love;
And without murmur, destitute of hope,
Scorning all danger—risked thy life for me!
Why shed thy blood? why risk thy lovely life
To cull one flower for the Queen of Spain?
Be whom thou wilt! sweet shadow on my path,

Since all my heart is captive to thy will,
Loved by thy mother—be thou blest by me !

[*She puts her hand to her heart.*
His letter burns my breast ! [*Dreams again.*
That hated one !

Don Salluste ! Fate can ruin or protect.
An angel smiles, a demon beckons me :
I dream a living nightmare—of two men
Who lead me on to some dark destiny,
A man who hates, a man who fondly loves :
Which will prevail at last ? I cannot tell ;
My fate is shipwrecked by opposing winds.
A woman may be weak—and still a Queen !
O ! let me pray.

[*She kneels before the Madonna's shrine.*

Sweet Mother ! help your child :
I dare not raise my eyes to thee ! [*Pauses.*
Ah God !

The lace, the flow'rs, the letter, torture me !

[*She puts her hand to her breast and tears
out a crumpled letter, a dried bouquet of
small blue flowers, and a scrap of lace
stained with blood. She throws them
on a table, then falls again to her knees.*

Star of the Sea ! Sweet Virgin ! Martyr's
Hope !

Help me ! [*Pauses.*

The letter ! [*Turning to the table.*
It has conquered me !
[*Kneels again.*

I will not read it. Queen ! of all our joys,
Mother and Lover of afflicted souls,
I ask thy aid.

*[She rises from her knees, makes a few steps
towards the table, then stops, then seems
to yield to the irresistible fascination
of the letter.]*

Yes ! I'll re-read it once,
One last, long time ! Then it shall be destroyed.

[She smiles sadly.]

One month ago ! Alas ! I said the same.

[Opens the letter, resolutely, and reads.]

"My Lady ! 'Neath thy feet a shadow falls,
"A man who loves thee ! veiled in night obscure ;
"A man who weeps, when gazing on a star !
"A man who, when thou shinest, dies below !
"Who, didst thou ask, would yield his soul to
thee." *[She places the letter on the table.]*

A thirsty soul must drink up destiny,
Were it a poisoned cup !

[Puts back the letter and lace into her breast.]

Farewell to life ;

I must love some one, I must be beloved.
Had he but willed it, I'd have loved the King ;
But he has left me with my thoughts alone !

*The principal door opens. Enter an Usher in
court costume.*

Usher (in a loud voice). A letter from the
King.

Queen (as if awakened from a dream, with a loud cry of joy). The King ! Thank God !
I'm saved !

End of Scene.



TELLE EST LA VIE !

HAVE you forgotten, ma belle Marie,
That springtime down at the hall? Ah,
well !

Though I thought I was strong on the wing,
you see

You singled me out, and of course I fell.
A touch of the hand when our eyes first met,
A soft "aside" on a rustic seat,—

I was proof against snares, as I thought, and
yet

I was writhing soon at your feet.

You had no pity at all for me,
Or you couldn't have killed me, belle
Marie.!

A glow at my heart, and a night of dreams ;
Your hair had the ripple my eyes loved,
best ;

"Pray God," I said, "she be all she seems,
For I am so weary and long to rest."
Wounded and sick at your feet I lay,
Pleading for peace to your knees I crept ;
I hear your voice as 'twere yesterday,—
They were crocodile's tears you wept.
My eyes were blinded with dust, you see,
And I paid the penalty, belle Marie !

I'll own I wept, for the tears would flow,
Though I knew the weight of your worthless
heart ;
I cursed myself for a fool—you know
They are terrible tears when men's eyes
smart.
And you ? Well, there possibly was one sigh,
The sigh you would give when your dog
was hurt ;
And your comfort, I think, was the stale old
lie—
"Men's hearts are as cheap as dirt."
And now you are married, and I am free,
And that's the difference, belle Marie !

Married ! Yes, that is the hackneyed term
For men and women who've sold their lives,
Who rear up love to be nipped in the germ,
And live good fellows and worthy wives.

He's deep in love with Mammon, his god,
And away with Mammon he wins your
bread ;
But over your novels you sleep and nod,
And sit at his table's head.
And you sigh—for the days pass wearily !
They are slightly monotonous, belle Marie.

• You shouldn't forget, though, belle Marie—
Though women, we know, have wayward
ways—
The choice was yours 'twixt a life with me,
And Ingot's carriage and prancing bays.
A poor man's wife, and a merchant's queen !—
The choice, for a woman, was hardly fair ;
But who can tell what I might have been ?
And Ingot is but a bear.
Telle est la vie ! Ah ! telle est la vie !
You are like the rest of them, belle Marie !



OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES.



A "GOD SPEED" TO HENRY IRVING.

ONE "bumper at parting," old friend, it is
brimming,

Our chalice of love with red wine from the
heart ;

Let us mix it with tears that our glances are
dimming,

Then drink all together, and let you depart.

If yours be the triumph, let ours be the sorrow,

For a shade of farewell upon friendship is
cast ;

To-night let us banish the gloom of to-morrow,

That darkens the present but brightens the
past.

For a moment the maze of a glad recollection

Let us thread, with dear memory's aid, to the
end,

Ere you bear to the West our strong grasp of
affection,
And leave us to live on the smile of a friend ;
You will stand as the dream-haunted Aram
before us,
As the grief-stricken Charles, and in features
of pain
Will be written the anguish of Shylock, and
o'er us
Will hover the spirit of Hamlet the Dane.

We shall hear over waste of wild waters, my
brother,
The glad note of welcome from hearts that
are true,
And find in its chorus the praise of another
Who shares, now as ever, your triumphs with
you !
When the parting is past, and the dark of
December
Brings them the weird " Bells," but to us their
sad knell,
'Tis the best of good fellows we miss, but
remember
We lose quite the fairest of women as well !

So a bumper at parting, and cheers to the
rafter
To wish you God speed in a brotherly land ;

The pleasure is theirs for the moment, but after
'Tis ours to await the warm clasp of your
hand.
The fetters of friendship are free, but unbroken
The chain round the heart that is link'd with
a sigh ;
Not a word of farewell from our lips shall be
spoken,
But a strong "God be with you !" an honest
Good-bye !

A VALEDICTORY ODE.

Spoken by Mr. Henry Irving on the occasion of Mr.
and Mrs. Bancroft's Farewell at the Theatre Royal,
Haymarket, Monday, July 20, 1885.

A FRIEND and neighbour, from the busy Strand,
Warned by the summons of Fate's prompting
bell,
Has come to take two comrades by the hand,
And bid them both regretfully "Farewell."

Parting to lovers may be "sorrow sweet,"
To friends all separation must give pain ;

But time, consoling, turns the travelled feet,
And tells the parted—they may meet again.

No age, or sickness, saddens this adieu,
No piteous cause I plead, no alms I beg ;
My toast is "Triplet, here's long life to you,
And years more laughter to delightful Peg."

The sailor sights at last his native land,
The swallow follows to accustomed nest ;
So, two tried actors, toiling hand in hand,
Demand from us toil's after-blessing—Rest.

Their steady course was fann'd by favouring
gales,
Their loyal purpose dimm'd by no regret ;
Sponsors they stood to infant "Prince of Wales,"
With life renewed the classic "Haymarket."

Not to all artists, earnest though their aim,
As retrospective vision there appears,
The priceless gift of an untarnished name,
The blameless history of twenty years.

Fired by the flush of youth, they found a way
To give to fading art a healthy cure ;

The stage they loved revived beneath their
 sway,
They made art earnest, and they kept it
 pure.

Shall we forget, at this their parting hour,
 How fact and fancy intertwine and blend?
Saying, "The Stage acknowledged them a
 power,
Actor and actress found in them a friend."

"*Ars est celare artem*," 'tis inscribed,
 Crowning this stage, and fancifully wrought;
From great ones past this precept they imbibed,
 This needful lesson dutifully taught.

Dramatic flowers they gathered by the way,
 And chose the brightest wheresoe'er it
 grows;
Never disdaining to contrast, in play,
 French tiger lily with sweet English rose.

With kindly Robertson they formed a "School,"
 Rejoiced in "Play" after long anxious hours;
"Caste" was for them, and theirs, a golden
 rule,
And thus by principle we made them "Ours."

Such an example in the after age
Will throw a softening haze o'er bygone
care ;
We close the volume at its brightest page,
But leave a blossom of remembrance there.

Good-bye, the cup of sympathy let's fill,
We'll drink it deep ere sorrow's sun be
set ;
Together you have mounted life's long hill,
And leave behind no record of regret.

Good-bye, old friends, it shall not be farewell,
Love is of art the birth and after-growth ;
"Heaven prosper you" shall be our only
knell,
Our parting prayer be this, "God bless you
both."



PROLOGUE.

Recited at Second Performance of Dramatic Students,
Gaiety Theatre, 27th October 1885.

LEND us your Ears ! you sympathetic friends,
Who give the Drama all its life and breath.
Listen ! the storm has come, that breaks or
bends
Our English oak ! O give it life, not death !

To soothe the tempest, let some Muse rehearse
The mystic melodies that never die ;
Advance the majesty of Shakespeare's verse,
Awake the heart of English comedy.
Why should they sleep, buried 'neath
weight of years ?
Wake them again to laughter and to
tears !
Lend us your ears ! your ears !

Lend us your Eyes ! Together let us look
At simple fashions of another day ;
Unearth them quick from each forgotten book,
Revive the beauty that should last away !
Though times may change, the new supplant
the old,
Though fancy fade, and chivalry depart,
Let us dig deep to find the mine of gold
Hid in recesses of the human heart.
Why are they hidden in this world of
sighs,
The merry humour, wit that never dies ?
Lend us your eyes ! your eyes !

Lend us your Hearts ! Without them we are
lost :
The best endeavour faints without your aid.
We hoard the gain—'tis you to count the cost :
We youngsters, anyhow, are not afraid !

So long as we can wake the stalls and
And hush the cynic with his sne
snarls,
With homely taste of Douglas Jerrold's
With graceful memory of "gentle" C
Why are old friends forgotten
lands?
Help us to bring them back from
white sands !
Give us your hearts ! your han



AN ADDRESS.

Spoken by Miss Ellen Terry at the Lyceum T
the occasion of the Belford Benefit.

To one and all a welcome ! That's the
To point a prologue, or to start a play ;
But something tells me that your thou
tending
Towards one who starts no more—wh
is ending.

Nay, look not sad ; no suppliant appear
To chase your smiles and undermi
tears ;



I ask your sympathy, but it were folly
To join dear Belford's name with melancholy.

On such a merry heart rare friendship waits ;
To him Bohemia threw wide her gates !
Up started he the first at laughter's call,
And found at clubs best welcome of them all.
Full of rare anecdote and riper wit,
Favoured by stalls and idolised by pit ;
An airy butterfly, who held in hand
The mirth of Sadler's Wells, the fun of Strand,
Varied and versatile, but ever cheery,
Now Gratiano, mocking now Dundreary,
He was the sunshine that existence mellows—
Friend, guide, comedian, and best of fellows !

Why do I say "he was," and seem to cast
A present favourite into the past ?
He's with us yet ; and could he but address
you,
I'd say for you, "Shake hands, old friend, God
bless you !"
There ran a rumour lately through the town,
"O have you heard ? poor Belford's breaking
down !"
A gentleman, and Spartan like the rest,
Too proud to show the fox that gnaw'd his
breast,

He murmured not, sat waiting, did not shirk,
And to the last hoped against hope for work,
Till those who loved him saw in eyes grown
dim
The pain he'd saved from others—clung to him.

I'd have you know—tell it from south to north
Our friend hung back—*his* friends have led
him forth,
And we were right—the public heart we knew,
The stage's favourites belong to you !

Behind the curtain, one and all rejoice,
To join their work to your responsive voice ;
We've done no more to-day for our sick friend
Than we shall keep on doing to the end ;
In our freemasonry there's this relief,
We share life's triumphs—but we share its
grief.

Not for ourselves in thanks we stretch our
hand,
But for the stricken soldier of our band ;
You found him sorrowing, and gave him ease,
A sight of home and country, waving trees,
And all the blest retirement, deep and wild,
That soothes the body—helpless as a child !

Through me our absent friend would like to say
You've done a noble charity to-day ;
For after years of uncomplaining strife,
You've saved anxiety and promised life ;
But, best of all, as antidote to pain,
Back to his face you've brought the smiles again.

So promise me, before you all depart,
To wear "Sweet William" ever next your
heart !



A WORD OF WELCOME.

[Spoken on the occasion of opening the Novelty Theatre
as a Home for Amateurs.]

A YEAR of Welcomes and of Jubilees,
With eyes to kindle friendship—hearts in tune,
Bids thousands forth, from roses and from trees,
To see the flower time of London's June !

Have we then naught to offer but our love ;
Uniting fire of youth with strength of age ?
Yes, we are here, combined at last, to prove
That Amateurs are lovers of the Stage.

In places rough and smooth our lot was cast ;
Here, there, and everywhere we've bid you
come ;

Outcasts and weary wanderers ! at last
We've sought a refuge, and we've found a
home.

We have our memories that cannot sleep ;
Forget-me-nots with yew we intertwine.
Old " Strollers " toil up Windsor's castled steep—
Old " Stagers " rest near Canterbury's shrine.

What have we done, you'll cynically ask,
To aid and brighten a despondent age ?
We've nerved our manhood for a loyal task,
And given actors to the English stage.

What have we done ? Much in our humble
way !
Thank God ! we've turned no suppliant from
our door ;
By feeble art, and simulated play,
We've aided charity, and helped the poor.

What can we do to-night ? Not much ! But yet
Art and endeavour, though they fail, can bless.
We play at acting ! Yes ! but don't forget—
We cheer the outcast, soothe the fatherless.

Enough of amateurs—and empty strife
'Twixt false and true, the daylight and the
night !
Art is the best that's beautiful in life :
To that perfection we can only fight !

To-night you'll see, when we disclose the scene,
The youth of ancient Universities ;
The best that is, the pride of what has been,
From idle veterans to " Busy Bees."
We are the legacy of many years,
Sons of the faithful, children of the fair !
Here is our house—encourage it with cheers !
Here is our work—protect it from despair !



A VOTE OF THANKS.

On the occasion of Lionel Brough's Benefit at Drury
Lane, July 1886.

Augustus Harris speaks.

FRIENDS, brother artists, and you, sisters fair !
I vote that James Fernandez takes the chair.
(Applause.)

Carried, of course ; ev'n in Augustan age,
Our " Master " rules on Drury's classic stage.

Fernandez speaks.

Thanks, heartily ! good men and women true,
Let's summon Tony Lumpkin, what say you ?
(Cheers.)

That's something like a cheer, the heart it
mellows.

(Calls) Hi ! Tony Lumpkin, noisiest of fellows !
[TONY gives a " View Halloo ! " outside.]

That's a "View Halloo" of the good old sort.
Don't look so bashful ! Come, sir, into Court !
Good Tony ! Nay, let's drop it, *quantum suff.*
Give us your hand, good, honest, staunch Lal
Brough !

Look up, old boy, our eyes their story tells,
We have not come for weepings or farewells.
We've not assembled here with tear-dimm'd eye
To wake the wailing of a long good-bye !
Sometimes, alas ! the best of friends departs
Far from the harbour lights of faithful hearts !
Ere you set sail we one and all agreed
To wish a brother on his way "God speed."
Full well we know, when England fades from
sight,

Warm hands of welcome wait you, eyes as
bright,

To summon o'er the waste of waters rough
Our grand old man—last of the Brothers
Brough.

We envy them possession of your laugh,
Your fund of humour, and your wholesome
chaff,

Your kindly nature, wit that never fails,
Your matchless telling of Munchausen tales,
Your art of anecdote beyond compare,
The everything that makes you what you are !
All this we lend America ; but mind,
When we recall you, don't you lag behind !
We have a mortgage on you, shall foreclose,

If ever openly, or 'neath the rose,
They claim as countryman, or keep as "pal,"
Our one, our own, incomparable Lal !

Mrs. Keeley speaks.

Good Mr. Master, now you've had your say,
Will you permit me in the usual way
To second all you've said, endorse your bill,
And have the last word, as a woman will ?
I will be brief, yet silent I can't stand,
I too would grasp the actor's honest hand ;
I too, in name of every woman here,
Will add "one more" to every parting cheer.

Good luck to you! Good voyage Heaven send !
God bless you, Lal, come safely back, old
friend !



EPILOGUE

FOR

THE FAREWELL OF MR. DALY'S COMPANY.

Spoken at the Strand Theatre, Saturday Evening,
31st July 1886.

Nancy.

A SPEECH from me ? If rhetoric's in vogue,
Now is the time with graceful epilogue,
To force with feeling, and to point with pow'r,
Our thanks united at this parting hour.

Griffin (to Nancy).

Shall man or woman speak, that is the
question ;
You can combine the two—a neat suggestion.
As Spanish Don, your boy's moustache you
twirl,
And gambol neatly as "The Country Girl!"

Mrs. Dangery.

You dear old man, what nonsense you can
prattle—
Let's come to business, and no "tittle tattle."

Captain Renseller.

Here's Keife O'Keife—right eloquent—who
made is
To awe the men and fascinate the ladies ;
Tell them, old boy, the English girls are
"Rapture."

Oriana.

Hush ! that's enough. Should *we* resolve to
capture
A handsome fellow—London shows us hoards—
Sportsmen at Sandown—Cricketers at Lord's.

Daisy.

Tell them we've merrybeen from morn till dark—
Picnics at Henley ! Coaches in the Park !

Betsy.

It isn't rude for me to parley, is it?
I'll leave to England my last "Carte de Visite."

Stockslow.

When all is over, and our "little" fun done,
We shall regret this jolly "little" London.

Griffin.

Regret it—yes! remember it were fitter;
We like its "sweets," appreciate its "bitter;"
We like its climate—in July condition.
Take off our hats to Prince and Exhibition,
And let us own, on London's classic ground,
A force of sympathy and pow'r of sound.
I'd like to shout from Old St. Paul's steeple—
No actors yet have played to fairer people.

Mrs. Dangery.

Tell them they've helped us in our plays and
parts,
'And found their way into their cousins' hearts!

O'Keife.

What herculean task is this you leave me?
I cannot undertake it—nay, believe me!
Had I the pow'r, as I've the will, aright
To thank our friends, I should be here all night.

A graceful speech is ever best, I fancy,
From woman's lips ; therefore I beg—

Brasher.

My Nancy !

That's as it should be ! silence, and attend
To *our* companion, and *their* faithful friend.

Nancy.

Two years ago, not many miles away,
A parting hour had come to those who play.
Ah ! how you cheered ! Of cheering you've
the knack ;

'Twas then one English voice cried out, "Come
back !"

We have "come back," obedient to your will,
And now our parting is the sadder still.
Once more we say "adieu !" and wander forth
To Modern Athens—your historic North !
From there across the sea we wend our way
To take to Germany a German play.
Then back again—was ever such a dance ?—
To storm the art-won citadel of France !
Last scene of all—we hope to win a smile
From hearts united in the Emerald Isle.
Ah ! then remember, when the landscape dies,
Sweet with the Roses of dear memories !
We'll sadly whisper as your land departs,
"England is written on our heart of hearts !"

*PROLOGUE TO THE BEAUX'
STRATAGEM.*

Spoken by Mrs. Stirling, Imperial Theatre, Westminster, September 22, 1879.

Enters with a copy of FARQUHAR'S plays in her hand.

A play by Farquhar ! gentleman and wit !
Here is the text in honest Saxon writ :
Old-fashioned it may be, but still I think
Its lines are scored with sympathetic ink,
For here embodied is the latest breath
Of youth and humour, solemnised by death !

Farquhar's "Beaux' Stratagem !" turn down the
page,
Read it, and prove your educated age !
Ring up the curtain, if you care to know
Our English life two centuries ago—
Its wit, its banter, unaffectedness,
Its force of epigram, and grace of dress ;
Shake Farquhar's honest hand, 'tis not kid-
gloved,
And learn how men have lied and women loved !
If we refuse to emphasise mistakes
That take court-gallants for abandoned rakes,

Old comedy will live : it dies we find,
Seen in the mirror of a muddy mind ;
'Tis with the prudes you all should pick a
quarrel,
Who smirk and say, "Old plays are so immoral!"
Are we so nice to-day that we must snub
The gentle Gibbet, the sagacious Scrub?
May not pure eyes gaze on Dorinda's charms,
Or see sweet Sullen fall in Archer's arms?
Morality is dumb ! or she would trace
A text in Cherry's tongue, and Boniface ;
Would preach a sermon on the marriage knot
That bound poor woman to a drunken sot !
Here's of intrigue, love, robbery, a county full,
And as for curing ills—trust Lady Bountiful.

Come now to Farquhar, Ladies ! have you read
This play was written on his dying bed ?
Each scene, each act, each character, each part
Were dyed with life-blood of the author's heart,
Who laughing lived, and laughing dared to die,
Leaving his orphan girls this legacy !
Is this a man, my sisters, who would seek
To raise a blush upon a modest cheek ?
Does not the author's self appeal to you,
Soldier, and gentleman—and actor too !

And we the artists of a later time,
Claim modest mention in the prologue's rhyme.

Well may we tremble when we stand alone,
Last representatives of giants gone.
Garrick and Bannister before us flit,
Charles Kemble's grace and little Keeley's
 wit,
The mighty Elliston, fair Glover's sport,
The mirth of Jordan, style of Davenport !
All are departed ! gone to speechless rest,
And we are left to act—and do our best !

Give us your faith ! ambition is no sin !
You'll hear the play ? Ring up then and begin !

EPILOGUE.

Scrub. Here is a potent tankard, crowned
with toast.

Archer. Let me propose our very genial
host,
Who so unselfishly has cut the knot
That bound George Farquhar's complicated plot.

Sullen. Before I go, I'll drink : give me the
cup. [Drinks.
Good-bye.

Enter LADY BOUNTIFUL

Lady B. What, going, Sullen ? What is up ?
To heal an injury, is this the way ?

Scrub. If he don't go, marm, we can't end the play.

Sullen. Dead men don't see their widows' pranks, of course ;
I'm dead and living, too, with this divorce !

Lady B. Divorced already ? Mutual consent ?
How likes propriety this precedent ?

Archer. Put it in practice, madam, and propriety
Will own you've saved much trouble to society.

Mrs. Sullen. 'Tis but the game of "coach" in life's affairs,
A headlong rushing for our neighbour's chairs.

Scrub. What splendid fun !

Mrs. Sullen. For ill-assorted lives.

Archer. Let wives exchange their husbands,
husbands wives.

Mrs. S. Let it but finish cruelty and care,
Few will be found to answer "As you were ?"

Armivell. Against such worldly doctrines I protest.

Dorinda. Love at first sight—true love is still the best.

Sullen. Hang all your arguments. I'm in the way.
I want to go.

- Sir Oracle.* And we to end the play.
- Archer.* Let's stick to our conclusions—mine
behold !
- Mrs. S.* Mine is your gentle heart—more rare
than gold !
- Dorinda.* I'm for the love no woman can resist.
- Armivell.* I'm for your lips, the sweetest ever
kissed.
- Foigard.* And, by my faith ! I'm an obstruc-
tionist.
- Scrub.* I'd like to buy ripe cherries by the
pottle.
- Sullen.* I'll not desert my faithful friend—the
bottle.
- Lady B.* Silence, I say—a truce to all this
chatter,
The more you wrangle worse appears
the matter ;
A Court of Equity sits here to-
night,
To say if Sullen's wrong or Archer's
right.
This is the pithy case—in life's
romance
May partners shuffle at a game of
chance ?
Your verdict will be just, that's very
certain,
But one word more before descends
the curtain.

'Tis needless now to také the author's
part,
But you must say how we've re-
spected art.
Say ! have we kept the good old days
in sight ?
Is that the verdict of you all ? Good
night !

CURTAIN.



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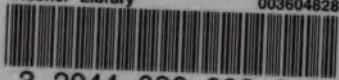
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